NO. 6

GEO. M. BAKER'S

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HANDY SPEAKER:

BEING

SERIOUS, HUMOROUS, PATHETIC, PATRIOTIC, AND DRAMATIC SELECTIONS IN PROSE AND POETRY,

FOR

READINGS AND RECITATIONS.

EDITED BY

GEORGE M. BAKER.

No. 6.

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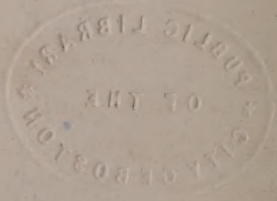

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THE READING-CLUB.

COUNT EBERHARD'S LAST FORAY.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR "THE READING-CLUB."

With storm of bells, and trumpets' bray, and rattle of the drum,
Along the city's narrow street the mail-clad warriors come:
The sunlight shines on gleaming steel, and lances laid in rest,
And brilliant plumes float gayly out from many a lordly crest.

The pennons flutter in the wind as onward sweep the bands,
While snowy kerchiefs idly fall from dainty jewelled hands.
From open casements looking down, their faces sad and still,
The women watch the brave array ride on beyond the hill.

They see the wheat-fields waving there, rich with the harvest's gold;
They see the river's silver flood amid the orchards rolled;
And far away, where darkly green the forest faintly shows,
They see the glittering line that marks the white tents of their foes.

Last eve the castle's hall was bright with torches flaming high,
And red wine flowed, and merry jest met quick and keen reply;
The carven saints that graced each arch heard laughter clear and sweet,
And echoed through the shadows dim the music's rhythmic beat.

Ere morning came with crimson flush along the eastern sky,
They heard, as swift hoofs smote the pave, the loud alarum-cry;
And fast and furious o'er the stones the patrol bore his way,
Calling the knights to waken, and make ready for the fray.

Then cold and white the faces grew, so bright the night before,
And maids and matrons trembling thronged about each open door.
"Whence come the foe? who leads them on? How many may there be?"
The sweet lips ask, while in each hall the arming knights you see.

"Who leads them on? Count Eberhard. None else would dare to ride
So many miles beyond the gleam of Rhine's swift flowing tide.
How many lances may there be? A thousand stalwart knights,
Whose helms and swords the harvest show, won in a hundred fights."

No wonder that the women stand with kerchiefs hanging down;
For, when Count Eberhard takes horse, God save the smitten town!
From Basel to the Zuyder Zee his foray tracks are known
By burning homes and ruined lives, by tear and sob and groan.

But brave and stout the horsemen are who guard fair Valure's walls;
Their hearts and blades will never fail when love or duty calls;
And though Count Eberhard sweeps on, with knights both tried and true,
Ere Valure's spoil will own his sway, his men have much to do.

Not in the city's narrow ways will they his battle meet,
But where the wide plain stretches far, with bloom and fragrance sweet.
And outward from the town they go, their lances shining bright;
And from their visor-bars flash out fierce battles' furious light.

Count Eberhard laughed loud and long, when out beyond the gate
He saw the horsemen riding slow: "The fools, they dare their fate."
He cried, "Mount! mount! let bugles blow, and see your swords are sure:
To-night, my men, we feast and sleep inside of fair Valure."

Then swords were belted, helmets donned, and lances strongly grasped,
And saddle-girths were tightly drawn, and visors surely clasped;
And, as the horsemen of Valure came slowly o'er the plain,
A thousand knights to meet them rode across the fields of grain.

The bugles rang their stirring call; the far hills caught the sound,
And sent it echoing softly back above the battle-ground.
"Now see your lances do their work!" Count Eberhard cried out,
And from his steel-clad troopers came a merry answering shout.

"Charge! charge them home, men of Valure, and be the work well done,
Or a new master rules your homes ere comes the set of sun:
Your blades are sharp, your lances true, then speed them on their way.
Remember that we fight for home, and ours will be the day."

Swiftly and sure the horses speed, the lances smite and break,
And hard and biting are the blows the troopers give and take:
Now back along the river's bank the Count's grim riders fall,
Then rushing on they drive their foes toward the city's wall.

Loud are the shouts, and fierce the cries; the red-stained, circling blades
Send their bright flashes far among the gold-flecked orchard shades;
And snorting steeds run riderless among the bearded wheat,
Or, neighing wildly, crush the dead beneath their flying feet.

An hour the varying battle surged, and neither side had won,
Though each had fought a valorous fight, and many great deeds done;
Then high above the din that rose where charged the struggling throng,
Rang out Count Eberhard's gruff voice, in accents clear and strong, —

"Hold! hold your swords! why waste our blood? Men of Valure, I fling
My challenge in your face: go choose your champion for the ring,
And we will soon decide the day: if I am beaten down,
My men are yours; and, if I win, why, then I claim the town."

Swift from the city's horsemen sprang a brave and comely knight:
"Comrades, grant me the boon, I pray; be mine this bitter fight."
And loud the cheer that answered rose, and soon, each in his place,
The two knights stood; one grim and scarred, one young and fair of face.

The trumpets sounded once, and quick the visor-bars were closed;
The trumpets sounded twice, and firm each supple lance was posed;
The trumpets sounded thrice, and swift the horses forward dash,
And shrill one fearful death-cry rings above their meeting crash.

With shivered lance, and breastplate rent, Count Eberhard lies dead,
While by his side the victor stands with lowly bended head.
"Take up your chief, and bear him home: this shall your ransom be,
That ne'er again fair Valure's plain your gleaming spears shall see."

So said the knight: the troopers came, and on his dented shield
They laid the fallen chief, and bore him sadly from the field;
And then the victors slowly rode back to the city's gate,
Where anxious hearts and watching eyes for loving greetings wait.

With storm of bells, and gleam of tears, the knights march slowly on:
Ah! many a crest and shining lance from out their lines have gone;
And, as along the city's square the ranks in silence stand,
Wildly the kerchiefs flutter out from many a dainty hand.

THOS. S. COLLIER.

TAMMY'S PRIZE.

"AWA' wi' ye, Tammy man, awa' wi' ye to the schule, aye standin' haverin'," and the old shoemaker looked up through his tear-dimmed spectacles at his son, who was standing with his cap on and his book in his hand.

Tammy made a move to the door. "An' is't the truth, Tammy? and does the maister say't himsel'? Say't ower again."

The boy turned back, and stood looking on the ground.

"It wasna muckle he said, fayther. He just said, 'It'll be Tammy Rutherford that'll get the prize i' the coontin.'"

"He said you, did he?" said the old man, as if he had heard it for the first time, and not for the hundredth.

Again Tammy made a move for the door; and again the fond father would have called him back, had not the school-bell at that instant rung out loud and clear.

"Ay, ay!" said he to himself, after his son had gone, "a right likely lad, and a credit to his fayther;" and he bent again to the shoe he was working at, though he could scarcely see it for the tears that started in his eyes.

The satisfied smile had not worn off his face when the figure of a stout woman appeared at the door. The shoemaker took off his spectacles, and wiped them, and then turned to the new-comer.

"A bra' day till ye, Mistress Knicht. An' hoo'll ye be keepin'?"

"Oh! brawly, Maister Rutherford. It's the sheen I've come aboot for my guidman; the auld anes are sare crackit."

"Aweel, mistress, the new anes'll be deen the morn. Set yersel' doon;" and, complying with this invitation, she sat down. "An' hoo's yere Sandie gettin' on at the schule, Mistress Knicht?"

"'Deed, noo ye speak on't, he's a sare loon; he'll niver look at's lessons."

"He winna be ha'in' ony o' the prizes, I'm thinkin' at that gate."

"Na, na; he'll niver bother his heed aboot them. But he's sayin' yer Tam'll ha'e the coontin' prize."

"Ye *dinna* say sae! Weel, that is news." And he looked up with ill-concealed pride. "The lad was talkin' o't himsel'; but 'deed I niver thocht on't. But there's nae sayin'."

"Aweel, guid-day to ye; and I'll look in the morn for the sheen."

"An' are they sayin' Tam'll ha'e a prize?" continued the old man.

"Ay, ay; the laddie was sayin' sae." And she went away.

The shoemaker seemed to have fallen on a pleasant train of thought; for he smiled away to himself, and occasionally picked up a boot, which he as soon let drop. Visions of Tammy's future greatness rose before his mind. Perhaps of too slight a fabric were they built; but he saw Tammy

a great and honored man, and Tammy's father leaning on his son's greatness. . . .

"Presairve us a'! it's mair nor half-six!" (half-past five.) And he started up from his revery. "Schule'll hae been oot an 'oor, an' the laddie's no hame." And he got up, and moved towards the door. The sun was just sinking behind the horizon, and the light was dim in the village street. He put up his hand to his eyes, and peered down in the direction of the school.

"What in a' the world's airth's keepin' him?" he muttered; and then turning round he stumbled through the darkness of his workshop to the little room behind. He filled an antiquated kettle, and set it on the fire. Then he went to the cupboard, and brought out half a loaf, some cheese, a brown teapot, and a mysterious parcel. He placed these on the table, and then gravely and carefully unrolled the little parcel, which turned out to be tea.

"Presairve us, I can niver min' whaur ye put the tea, or hoo muckle. It's an awfu' waicht on the min' to make tea."

His wife had died two years before; and his little son, with the assistance of a kindly neighbor, had managed to cook their humble meals. Porridge was their chief fare; but a cup of tea was taken as a luxury every evening.

"I'm jist some fear't about it. I'll waicht till Tammas comes in;" and he went out again to the door to see what news there was of his son.

The sun had completely disappeared now; and the village would have been quite dark had it not been for the light in the grocer's window, a few doors down.

The shoemaker leaned against his cottage, and tried to see if any one were in sight; but not a soul seemed about, although now and then a sound of laughter was borne up the street.

The door of his next neighbor's house was wide open. He looked in, and saw a woman standing at the fire, superintending some cooking operation, with her back to him.

"Is yer Jim in, mistress?"

"Na," she said, without turning her head. "He'll be doon at some o' his plays. He's nae been in frae the schule yet."

"It's the same wi' Tam. Losh! I'm wunnerin, what's keepin' him."

"Keepin' him, say ye? What wad keep a laddie?"

Half satisfied, the shoemaker went back to his house, and found the kettle singing merrily on the fire. He felt a little

anxious. The boy was always home in good time. He crept round again to his neighbor's.

"I'm gettin' feart about him," he said: "he's niver been sae late's this."

"Hoot, awa' wi' ye! he'll be doon, maybe, at the bathin' wi' the lave, but I'll gang doon the village wi' ye, an' we'll soon fin' the laddie."

She hastily put her bonnet on her head, for the night air was cold, and they both stood together outside the cottage.

He clutched her arm. What was that? Through the still night air, along the dark street, came the sound of muffled feet and hushed voices, as of those who bore a burden. With blanched face the old man tried to speak, but he could not. A fearful thought came upon him. . . .

They are coming nearer. They are stopping and crowding together, and whispering low. The two listeners crept up to them; and there in the middle of the group lay Tammy dead — drowned.

With a loud shriek, "Tammy, my Tammy!" the old man fell down beside the body of his son.

They carried both in together into the little room behind the shop, and went out quietly, leaving one of their number who volunteered to stay all night.

The shoemaker soon revived. He sat down on one side of the fire, and the man who watched with him sat on the other. The kettle was soon on the fire, and he watched its steam rising with a half-interested indifference. Then at times he would seem to remember that something had happened; and he would creep to the side of the bed where the body lay, and gaze on the straight, handsome features and the bloodless cheeks, quiet and cold in death. "Tammy, my man; my ain Tammy, speak to me ance — jist ance — I'm awfu' lonesome-like." Then the watcher would lead him quietly to his seat by the fire; and there they sat the whole night long, till the stir of the outer world aroused them. . . .

The school is filled with happy, pleasant faces. The prize day has come. There stands the minister, looking very important, and the schoolmaster very excited. The prizes are all arranged on a table before the minister, and the forms for the prize-winners are before the table. And now every thing is ready. The minister begins by telling the parents present how he has examined the school, and found the children quite up to the mark; and then he ad-

dresses a few words to the children, winding up his remarks by telling them how at school he had thought that "multiplication is a vexation," &c., but that now he found the use of it. And then the children laughed, for they heard the same speech every year; but it made the excitement greater when they had the prizes to look at, as they shone on the table in their gorgeous gilding, during the speech. And now the schoolmaster is going to read out the prize-winners, and the children are almost breathless with excitement, — you might have heard a pin drop, — when from the end of the room, a figure totters forward, the figure of an old man, white-headed, and with a strange, glassy look in his eye. He advances to where the children are sitting, and takes his place amongst them. Every one looks compassionately towards him, and women are drying their eyes with their aprons. The schoolmaster hesitates a moment, and looks at the minister. The minister nods to him, and he begins the list. It is with almost a saddened look that the children come to take their prizes, for they think of the sharp, bright, active playmate who was so lately with them; and they gaze timidly towards his father who sits in their midst.

"Thomas Rutherford," reads out the master, "gained the prize for arithmetic."

"I'll tak' Tam's prize for him. The laddie's na weel. He's awa'. I'll tak' it;" and the shoemaker moved hastily up to the table.

The minister handed him the book; and, silently taking it, he made his way to the door. . . .

A quiet old man moves listlessly about the village. He does nothing, but every one has a kind word for him. He never walks towards the river, but shudders when its name is mentioned. He sits in his workshop often, and looks up expectantly when he hears the joyous shout of the boys as they come out of school, and then a look of pain flits across his face. He has one treasure, — a book, which he keeps along with his family Bible, and he is never tired of reading through his blurred spectacles the words on the first page: —

BARNES SCHOOL.
FIRST CLASS.
PRIZE FOR ARITHMETIC
AWARDED TO
THOMAS RUTHERFORD.

DEAF AND DUMB.

Oh, a wild little slip was young Kitty McRea!
So saucy and daring, so dimpled and sweet;
A foot of the lightest, a hand of the whitest,
She brought the whole village to sue at her feet.

Gay Kitty was guarded and kept like a nun:
She'd greet you demurely, the whole world might see.
She wore a prim shaker, and dressed like a Quaker,
And 'neath all disguises was — Kitty McRea!

There came to the town a professor of ink,
A dashing young penman: he published his plan;
Declared himself willing to give for a shilling
A lesson to any child, woman, or man.

To their sense of compassion he wisely appealed:
He was deaf, he was dumb, — would they give him their mite?
Papas read with pleasure, and cried, "What a treasure!
There'll be no love-making while learning to write."

The maidens flocked eagerly into the hall:
The teacher began his instructions with glee;
Though some had a notion he showed more devotion
To *Kitty* than might have pleased father McRea.

The handsome young teacher was freely discussed:
"Such lovely, sad eyes!" The girls voted it "mean."
"Such a pity! I'd just like to kiss him!" said Kitty.
"*You may!*" he said softly. Imagine the scene!

Kitty fainted; then fled, with her cheeks all aflame.
They met in the garden that night after tea:
Well pleased with his hoaxing, the lad turned to coaxing, —
"Pray do not be angry, dear Kitty McRea!"

Who now was so bashful as Kitty McRea,
The saucy and daring, the dimpled and sweet?
Without further parley, behold the finale, —
Gay Kitty soon wedded this deaf and-dumb cheat.

Anna F. Burnham.

THE CHANGED CROSS.

It was a time of sadness; and my heart,
Although it knew and loved the better part,
Felt wearied with the conflict and the strife,
And all the needful discipline of life.

And while I thought on these as given to me, —
My trial tests of faith and love to be, —
It seemed as if I never could be sure
That faithful to the end I should endure.

And thus no longer trusting to His might,
Who says "we walk by faith, and not by sight,"
Doubting, and almost yielding to despair,
The thought arose, My cross I cannot bear.

Far heavier its weight must surely be
Than those of others which I daily see:
Oh! if I might another burden choose,
Methinks I should not fear my crown to lose.

A solemn silence reigned on all around, —
E'en nature's voices uttered not a sound;
The evening shadows seemed of peace to tell,
And sleep upon my weary spirit fell.

A moment's pause, and then a heavenly light
Beamed full upon my wondering, raptured sight:
Angels on silvery wings seemed everywhere,
And angels' music thrilled the balmy air.

The One more fair than all the rest to see —
One to whom all the others bowed the knee —
Came gently to me as I trembling lay,
And, "Follow me," he said: "I am the Way."

Then speaking thus, he led me far above;
And there, beneath a canopy of love,
Crosses of divers shape and size were seen,
Larger and smaller than my own had been.

And one there was most beauteous to behold, —
A little one, with jewels set in gold.
"Ah! this," methought, "I can with comfort wear,
For it will be an easy one to bear."

And so the little cross I quickly took,
But all at once my frame beneath it shook:
The sparkling jewels — fair were they to *see*,
But far too heavy was their *weight* for me.

"This may not be," I cried, and looked again,
To see if any here could ease my pain;
But one by one I passed them slowly by,
Till on a lovely one I cast my eye.

Fair flowers around its sculptured form intwined,
And grace and beauty seemed in it combined:
Wondering I gazed, and still I wondered more
To think so many should have passed it o'er.

But, oh! that form so beautiful to see
Soon made its hidden sorrows known to me.
Thorns lay beneath those flowers and colors fair:
Sorrowing I said, "This cross I may not bear."

And so it was with each and all around, —
Not one to suit my *need* could there be found;
Weeping, I laid each heavy burden down,
As my Guide gently said, "No cross, no crown."

At length to him I raised my saddened heart:
He knew its sorrows, bade its doubts depart.
"Be not afraid," he said, "but trust in me:
My perfect love shall now be shown to thee."

And then, with lightened eyes and willing feet,
Again I turned, my earthly cross to meet;
With forward footsteps, turning not aside,
For fear some hidden evil might betide.

And there, in the prepared, appointed way, —
Listening to hear, and ready to obey, —
A cross I quickly found of plainest form,
With only words of love inscribed thereon.

With thankfulness I raised it from the rest,
And joyfully acknowledged it the best,
The only one of all the many there
That I could feel was good for me to bear.

And, while I thus my chosen one confessed,
I saw a heavenly brightness on it rest;
And as I bent, my burden to sustain,
I recognized my own old cross again.

But, oh! how different it seemed to be,
Now I had learned its preciousness to see!
No longer could I unbelieving say,
"Perhaps another is a better way."

Ah, no! henceforth my own desire shall be,
That He who knows me best should choose for me;
And so, whate'er his love sees good to send,
I'll trust it's best, because he knows the end.

VIRGINIUS TO THE ROMAN ARMY.

The night wind blew in fitful gusts, with occasional dashes of rain, where, grouped around their watch-fires, and sheltered by the dense foliage of a beechen grove, a Roman cohort held its leaguer. Some, their spears thrust into the ground beside them, sat upright against the trees; while others lay at full length, with their heads resting upon their shields.

As the flames threw their red light upon the war-scarred faces of the veterans, they revealed only sullen features. No song nor jest was heard, — no sound, save the low hiss of the rain-drops on the embers, the bay of a wolf in the distant forest, and the low muttered words of a soldier who was telling to his comrade, how that, the night before, as the sun fell over the hills, a centurion rode past his beat full speed to Rome, summoned there by some new outrage of the Patricians.

All that night, throughout the host, mysterious forebodings crept. Men around their watch-fires spake in low whis-

pers; and many a silent grasp of the hand passed from man to man. As the night wore away, and the day dawned, Virginius, upon a foaming steed, his head bare, and in his right hand a bloody knife, dashed passed the guard to where — beneath an oak which, withered and scorched by sacrificial fires, flung no shadow — great Jove was worshipped.

Mounting the altar-steps, he turned, and with bloodshot eyes glared upon the soldiers who thronged tumultuously around him. Holding aloft the bloody knife, he exclaimed, "With this weapon I have slain my only child, to preserve her from dishonor!" Yells of horror and bitter execrations rose from the whole army; and a thousand swords flashed in the sun's bright beams.

"Soldiers!" he cried, "I am like this blasted tree. Two years ago the Ides of May, three lusty sons went with me to the field. In one disastrous fight they perished. A daughter, beautiful as the day, yet remained: 'tis but a week ago you saw her here, bearing to her old sire home comforts prepared by her own hands, and sharing with him the evening meal; and you blessed her as you passed.

"You'll never see her more, that weekly came, with the soft music of her voice, and spells of home, to cheer our hearts. As on her way to school she crossed the Forum, Appius Claudius, through his minion Marcus, claimed her as a slave. With desperate haste I rode to Rome. Holding my daughter by the hand, and by my side her uncle, her aged grandsire, and Icilius her betrothed, I claim my child.

"The judge, that he may gain his end, decides that in his house and custody she must remain, till I, by legal process, prove my right! The guards approach. Trembling, she clings around my neck, — her hot tears on my cheek. Snatching this knife from a butcher's stall, I plunged it in her breast, that her pure soul might go free and unstained to her mother and her ancestors.

"And this is the reward a grateful country gives her soldiery! Cursed be the day my mother bore me! Accursed my sire's untimely joy! Accursed the twilight hour, when 'mid Etruscan groves I wooed and won Acestes' beauteous child, while youth's bright dreams were busy at my heart!

"Soldiers! the deadliest foes of our liberties are behind, not before us: they are not the Æqui, the Volsci, and the Sabines, who meet us in fair fight; but that pampered aristoc-

racy, who chain you by the death-penalty to the camp, that in your absence they may work their will upon those you leave behind.

"But why do I seek to kindle a fire in ice? Why seek to arouse the vengeance of those who care for no miseries but their own, and are enamoured of their fetters? I, indeed, can lose no more. Misfortune hath emptied her quiver: she hath no other shaft for this bleeding breast; but flatter not yourselves that the lust of Appius Claudius has expired with the defeat of his purpose.

"Your homes, likewise, invite the destroyer: into your folds the grim wolf will leap: among the lambs of your flocks will he revel, his jaws dripping blood. For you, also, the bow is bent; the arrow drawn to the head; and the string impatient of its charge. By all that I have lost, and that you imperil by delay, avenge this accursed wrong!

"If you have arms, use them; liberties, vindicate them; patriotism, save the tottering state; natural affection, protect the domestic hearth; piety, appease the wrath of the gods by avenging the blood that cries to heaven. To arms! to arms! or your swords will leap from their scabbards, the trumpets sound the onset, and the standards of *themselves* advance to rebuke your delay!" ELIJAH KELLOGG.

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

A DREAM OF PONCE DE LEON.

A story of Ponce de Leon,
A voyager withered and old,
Who came to the sunny Antilles,
In quest of a country of gold.
He was wafted past islands of spices,
As bright as the emerald seas,
Where all the forests seem singing,
So thick were the birds on the trees;
The sea was as clear as the azure,
And so deep and so pure was the sky,
That the jasper-walled city seemed shining
Just out of the reach of the eye.

By day his light canvas he shifted,
And rounded strange harbors and bars;
By night on the full tides he drifted,
'Neath the low-hanging lamps of the stars.
Near the glimmering gates of the sunset,
In the twilight empurpled and dim,
The sailors uplifted their voices,
And sang to the Virgin a hymn.
"Thank the Lord!" said De Leon the sailor,
At the close of the rounded refrain;
"Thank the Lord, the Almighty, who blesses
The ocean-swept banner of Spain!
The shadowy world is behind us,
The shining Cipango before;
Each morning the sun rises brighter
On ocean and island and shore.
And still shall our spirits grow lighter,
As prospects more glowing unfold;
Then on, merry men! to Cipango,
To the west, and the regions of gold!"

There came to De Leon the sailor
Some Indian sages, who told
Of a region so bright that the waters
Were sprinkled with islands of gold;
And they added, "The leafy Bimini,
A fair land of grottoes and bowers,
Is there; and a wonderful fountain
Upsprings from its gardens of flowers.
That fountain gives life to the dying,
And youth to the aged restores:
They flourish in beauty eternal
Who set but their foot on its shores."
Then answered De Leon the sailor,
"I am withered and wrinkled and old:
I would rather discover that fountain
Than a country of diamonds and gold."

Away sailed De Leon the sailor, —
Away with a wonderful glee,
Till the birds were more rare in the azure,
The dolphins more rare in the sea.

Away from the shady Bahamas,
Over waters no sailor had seen,
Till again on his wondering vision
Rose clustering islands of green.
Still onward he sped till the breezes
Were laden with odors; and lo!
A country embedded with flowers,
A country with rivers aglow,
More bright than the sunny Antilles,
More fair than the shady Azores.
"Thank the Lord!" said De Leon the sailor,
As feasted his eye on the shores,
"We have come to a region, my brothers,
More lovely than earth, of a truth;
And here is the life-giving fountain, —
The beautiful Fountain of Youth."

Then landed De Leon the sailor,
Unfurled his old banner, and sung;
But he felt very wrinkled and withered,
All around was so fresh and so young.
The palms, ever verdant, were blooming,
Their blossoms e'en margined the seas;
O'er the streams of the forests bright flowers
Hung deep from the branches of trees.
"Praise the Lord!" sung De Leon the sailor.
His heart was with rapture aflame;
And he said, "Be the name of this region
By Florida given to fame.
'Tis a fair, a delectable country,
More lovely than earth, of a truth:
I soon shall partake of the fountain, —
The beautiful Fountain of Youth."

But wandered De Leon the sailor
In search of that fountain in vain:
No waters were there to restore him
To freshness and beauty again.
And his anchor he lifted, and murmured,
As the tears gathered fast in his eye,
"I must leave this fair land of the flowers,
Go back o'er the ocean, and die."

Then back by the dreary Tortugas,
And back by the shady Azores,
He was borne on the storm-smitten waters
To the calm of his own native shores.
And, that he grew older and older,
His footsteps enfeebled gave proof:
Still he thirsted in dreams for the fountain,—
The beautiful Fountain of Youth.

. . . . . .

One day the old sailor lay dying
On the shores of a tropical isle;
And his heart was enkindled with rapture,
And his face lighted up with a smile.
He thought of the sunny Antilles,
He thought of the shady Azores,
He thought of the dreamy Bahamas,
He thought of fair Florida's shores.
And when in his mind he passed over
His wonderful travels of old,
He thought of the heavenly country,—
Of the city of jasper and gold.
"Thank the Lord!" said De Leon the sailor,
"Thank the Lord for the light of the truth!
I now am approaching the fountain,—
The beautiful Fountain of Youth."

The cabin was silent: at twilight
They heard the birds singing a psalm,
And the wind of the ocean low sighing
Through groves of the orange and palm.
The sailor still lay on his pallet,
'Neath the low-hanging vines of the roof:
His soul had gone forth to discover
The beautiful Fountain of Youth.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

THEY MET.

They met — 'twas at the garden gate:
The moon shone bright, the hour was late;
No prying eyes were round to see —
And he was there, and so was she.

They wandered through each well-known walk,
They talked the talk all lovers talk:
The moonbeams peeped through bush and tree —
And she was there, and so was he.

"Thou art my life, my soul," he cried:
"There lives not on this world so wide,
An angel without wings like thee"—
And he was there, and so was she.

And from her lips these accents fell:
"My love for thee, words fail to tell;
'Tis boundless, dearest, as the sea" —
And she was there, and so was he.

Sweet moon, 'neath thy inspiring rays,
What pranks mysterious Cupid plays!
A *moonshine* little god is he —
And he was there, and so was she.

"Hector — good dog!" the old man said,
"Yon maudlin fool should be in bed.
My noble hound, I'll cut thee loose:
We'll cook yon midnight wanderer's goose."

"Adolphus, fly!" the maiden cried:
"Here Hector, with mouth open wide,
And eyes that glow like balls of fire,
Comes, followed by my wrathful sire."

He shook the dewdrops from his boots;
Like meteor through the air he shoots;
But Hector rushes like the wind,
And grabs the flying man behind.

A growl — a rip — ah! never, never,
Did pants from ties so quickly sever:
Freed from his clothes, Adolphus starts,
And o'er the fence like lightning darts.

The modest moon still brightly shone:
Such sights she oft has gazed upon;
Such sights while Time remains she'll see —
And she was there, but where was he?

CLERICAL WIT.

A PARSON who a missionary had been,
And hardships and privations oft had seen,
While wandering far on lone and desert strands,
A weary traveller in benighted lands,
Would often picture to his little flock
The terrors of the gibbet and the block, —
How martyrs suffered in the ancient times,
And what men suffer now in other climes;
And, though his words were eloquent and deep,
His hearers oft indulged themselves in sleep.
He marked with sorrow each unconscious nod
Within the portals of the house of God,
And once this new expedient thought he'd take,
In his discourse, to keep the rogues awake.
Said he, "While travelling in a distant State,
I witnessed scenes which I will here relate:
'Twas in a deep, uncultivated wild,
Where noontide glory scarcely ever smiled;
Where wolves in hours of midnight darkness howled,
Where bears frequented, and where panthers prowled;
And on my word, mosquitoes there were found,
Many of which, I think, would weigh a pound;
More fierce and ravenous than the hungry shark,
They oft were known to climb the trees and bark!"
His auditors seemed taken by surprise;
All started up, and rubbed their wondering eyes:
At such a tale they all were much amazed;
Each drooping lid was in an instant raised,

And we must say, in keeping heads erect,
It had its destined and desired effect.
But tales like this, credulity appalled.
Next day the deacons on the pastor called,
And begged to know how he could ever tell
The foolish falsehoods from his lips that fell.
"Why, sir," said one, "think what a monstrous weight!
Were they as large as you are pleased to state?
You said they'd weigh a pound! It can't be true:
We'll not believe it, though 'tis told by you."
"Ah! but it is," the parson quick replied:
"In what I stated you may well confide.
Many, I said, sir, — and the story's good, —
Indeed, I think that many of them would."
The deacon saw at once that he was caught,
Yet deemed himself relieved, on second thought.
"But then the barking — think of that, good man!
Such monstrous lies! Explain it if you can."
"Why, that, my friend, I can explain with ease:
They climbed the bark, sir, when they climbed the trees."

GREELEY'S RIDE.

Just after we left Julesburg, on the Platte, I was sitting with the driver; and he said, —

"I can tell you a most laughable thing indeed, if you would like to listen to it. Horace Greeley went over this road once. When he was leaving Carson City he told the driver, Hank Monk, that he had an engagement to lecture at Placerville, and was very anxious to go through quick. Hank Monk cracked his whip, and started off at an awful pace. The coach bounced up and down in such a terrific way that it jolted the buttons all off of Horace's coat, and finally shot his head clean through the roof of the stage; and then he yelled at Hank Monk, and begged him to go easier, — said he warn't in as much of a hurry as he was a while ago. But Hank Monk said, 'Keep your seat, Horace, and I'll get you there on time;' and you bet you he did, too, — what was left of him!"

A day or two after that, we picked up a Denver man at

the cross-roads, and he told us a good deal about the country, and the Gregory Diggings He seemed a very entertaining person, and a man well posted in the affairs of Colorado. By and by he remarked, —

"I can tell you a most laughable thing indeed, if you would like to listen to it. Horace Greeley went over this road once. When he was leaving Carson City he told the driver, Hank Monk, that he had an engagement to lecture at Placerville, and was very anxious to go through quick. Hank Monk cracked his whip, and started off at an awful pace. The coach bounced up and down in such a terrific way that it jolted the buttons all off of Horace's coat, and finally shot his head clean through the roof of the stage; and then he yelled at Hank Monk, and begged him to go easier, — said he warn't in as much of a hurry as he was a while ago. But Hank Monk said, 'Keep your seat, Horace, and I'll get you there on time;' and you bet you he did, too, — what was left of him!"

At Fort Bridger, some days after this, we took on board a cavalry-sergeant, a very proper and soldierly person indeed. From no other man during the whole journey, did we gather such a store of concise and well-arranged military information. It was surprising to find in the desolate wilds of our country a man so thoroughly acquainted with every thing useful to know in his line of life, and yet of such inferior rank and unpretentious bearing. For as much as three hours we listened to him with unabated interest. Finally he got upon the subject of trans-continental travel, and presently said, —

"I can tell you a very laughable thing indeed, if you would like to listen to it. Horace Greeley went over this road once. When he was leaving Carson City he told the driver, Hank Monk, that he had an engagement to lecture at Placerville, and was very anxious to go through quick. Hank Monk cracked his whip, and started off at an awful pace. The coach bounced up and down in such a terrific way that it jolted the buttons all off of Horace's coat, and finally shot his head clean through the roof of the stage; and then he yelled at Hank Monk, and begged him to go easier, — said he warn't in as much of a hurry as he was a while ago. But Hank Monk said 'Keep your seat, Horace, and I'll get you there on time;' and you bet you he did, too, — what was left of him!"

When we were eight hours out from Salt Lake City, a Mormon preacher got in with us at a way-station, — a gentle, soft-spoken, kindly man, and one whom any stranger would warm to at first sight. I can never forget the pathos that was in his voice as he told, in simple language, the story of his people's wanderings and unpitied sufferings. No pulpit eloquence was ever so moving and so beautiful as this outcast's picture of the first Mormon pilgrimage across the plains, struggling sorrowfully onward to the land of its banishment, and marking its desolate way with graves, and watering it with tears. His words so wrought upon us that it was a relief to us all when the conversation drifted into a more cheerful channel, and the natural features of the curious country we were in came under treatment. One matter after another was pleasantly discussed, and at length the stranger said, —

"I can tell you a most laughable thing indeed, if you would like to listen to it. Horace Greeley went over this road once. When he was leaving Carson City he told the driver, Hank Monk, that he had an engagement to lecture in Placerville, and was very anxious to go through quick. Hank Monk cracked his whip, and started off at an awful pace. The coach bounced up and down in such a terrific way that it jolted the buttons all off of Horace's coat, and finally shot his head clean through the roof of the stage; and then he yelled at Hank Monk, and begged him to go easier, — said he warn't in as much of a hurry as he was a while ago. But Hank Monk said, 'Keep your seat, Horace, and I'll get you there on time;' and you bet you he did, too, — what was left of him!"

Ten miles out of Ragtown we found a poor wanderer who had lain down to die. He had walked as long as he could, but his limbs had failed him at last. Hunger and fatigue had conquered him. It would have been inhuman to leave him there. We paid his fare to Carson, and lifted him into the coach. It was some little time before he showed any very decided signs of life; but by dint of chafing him, and pouring brandy between his lips, we finally brought him to a languid consciousness. Then we fed him a little; and by and by he seemed to comprehend the situation, and a grateful light softened his eye. We made his mail-sack bed as comfortable as possible, and constructed a pillow for him with our coats. He seemed very thankful.

Then he looked up in our faces, and said in a feeble voice that had a tremble of honest emotion in it, —

"Gentlemen, I know not who you are, but you have saved my life; and, although I can never be able to repay you for it, I feel that I can at least make one hour of your long journey lighter. I take it you are strangers to this great thoroughfare, but I am entirely familiar with it. In this connection I can tell you a most laughable thing indeed, if you would like to listen to it. Horace Greeley" —

I said, impressively, —

"Suffering stranger, proceed at your peril. You see in me the melancholy wreck of a once stalwart and magnificent manhood. What has brought me to this? That thing which you are about to tell. Gradually but surely, that tiresome old anecdote has sapped my strength, undermined my constitution, withered my life. Pity my helplessness. Spare me only just this once, and tell me about young George Washington and his little hatchet, for a change."

We were saved. But not so the invalid. In trying to retain the anecdote in his system, he strained himself, and died in our arms.

MARK TWAIN.

DER SHOEMAKER'S POY.

DER meat-chopper hanged on der vhitevashed vall,
For no gustomers comed to der putcher's shtall;
Der sausage masheen was no longer in blay,
And der putcher poys all had a holiday.
Der shoemaker's poy comed dere to shlide
On der door of der zellar, but shtealed inside:
Mit der chopping masheen he peginned to make free,
Un he cried, "Dere ish nopody looking at me."
O! der shoemaker's poy,
Un, O! der shoemaker's poy!

Der day goed avay, un der night comed on.
Ven der shoemaker vound dat his poy vas gone,
He called up his vrow, un der search pegan
To look for der poy, un vind him if dey can.
Dey seeked un asked for him at efery door, —
At der putcher's, der paker's, un groshery shtore;

At der lager-pier cellar, der shtation-house;
But der answer dey getted vas, "Nix cum arous."
O! der shoemaker's poy,
Un, O! der shoemaker's poy!

Dey seeked him all night, un dey seeked him next tay,
Un for more as a mont vas der duyvil to pay,
In der alleys, der houses, un efery place round,
In der Toombs, in der rifer, un in der tog-pound.
Dey seeked him in vain undil veeks vas bast,
Un der shoemaker goed to his awl at *last;*
Un ven he'd passed py, all der peeples vould cry,
"Dere goes der shoemaker vot losed his poy!"
O! der shoemaker's poy,
Un, O! der shoemaker's poy!

At lenkt der meat-chopping masheen vas in need:
Der putcher goed to it, un dere he seed
A pundle of pones; un der shoes vas dere
Vot der long-lost shoemaker's poy did vear.
His jaws were still vagging, un seemed to say,
"Ven no one vas here, I got in to blay:
It closed mit a shpring, un der poy so green
Vas made sausage-meat by der chopping masheen."
O! der shoemaker's poy,
Der *last* of der shoemaker's poy!

THE SERGEANT OF THE FIFTIETH.

Out of blackened clouds of powder
Gazed the moon upon the sight,
Where had rolled the battle thunder
Ere the coming of the night.
An old sergeant of the Fiftieth
To his general made report:
"Present four, and I; all wounded;
Praised be God, we hold the fort!"

Weak and trembling were his accents,
For his blood was almost spent;
But the general asked him gruffly,
What this foolish trifle meant,

Where his company was quartered?
Turning to his comrades four,
He made answer, "Pardon, general,
Shot and shell have left no more.

"These the mitrailleuse has spared us,
Five poor wounded, these alone;
Sharp and fierce the shock of battle,
But the enemy are gone!"
"Then return to your battalion,
Comrades brave," the general said.
"Pardon, general, here you see them:
On the crimson sod are laid

"All the rest!" The general murmured,
Gnawing at his moustache gray,
"Sorely my poor boys are beaten:
Cursed be their task to-day!
Still we took those murderous cannons:
To your regiment repair."
With low voice replied the sergeant,
"Pardon, general, they are here."

Seizing with his hand the sergeant's,
Tears dissolved the general's pride:
"God avert more such misfortunes!"
In a quivering voice he cried:
"Friends, the eagle which we followed,
And the flag — are they lost too?"
"Never!" and the bloody tatters
From his breast the soldier drew.

THE FAN DRILL.

Women are armed with fans, as men with swords, and sometimes do more execution with them. To the end, therefore, that ladies may be entire mistresses of the weapon which they bear, I have erected an academy for the training-up of young women in the exercise of the fan according to the most fashionable airs and motions that are now practised at court. The ladies who carry fans under me are drawn

up twice a day in my great hall, where they are instructed in the use of their arms, and exercised by the following words of command: "Handle your fans!" "Unfurl your fans!" "Discharge your fans!" "Ground your fans!" "Recover your fans!" "Flutter your fans!" By the right observation of these few plain words of command, a woman of a tolerable genius, who will apply herself diligently to her exercise for the space of but one half-year, shall be able to give her fan all the graces that can possibly enter into that little modish machine.

But, to the end that my readers may form to themselves a right notion of this exercise, I beg leave to explain it to them in all its parts. When my female regiment is drawn up in array, with every one her weapon in her hand, upon my giving the word to "handle their fans," each of them shakes her fan at me with a smile, then gives her right-hand woman a tap upon the shoulder, then presses her lips with the extremity of her fan, then lets her arms fall in easy motion, and stands in readiness to receive the next word of command. All this is done with a close fan, and is generally learned in the first week.

The next motion is that of unfurling the fan, in which are comprehended several little flirts and vibrations, as also gradual and deliberate openings, with many voluntary fallings-asunder in the fan itself, that are seldom learned under a month's practice. This part of the exercise pleases the spectators more than any other, as it discovers, on a sudden, an infinite number of cupids, garlands, altars, birds, beasts, rainbows, and the like agreeable figures, that display themselves to view; whilst every one in the regiment holds a picture in her hand.

Upon my giving the word to "discharge their fans," they give one general crack, that may be heard at a considerable distance when the wind sits fair. This is one of the most difficult parts of the exercise; but I have several ladies with me, who at their first entrance could not give a pop loud enough to be heard at the farther end of the room, who can now discharge a fan in such a manner, that it shall make a report like a pocket-pistol. I have likewise taken care (in order to hinder young women from letting off their fans in wrong places or on unsuitable occasions) to show upon what subject the crack of a fan may come in properly. I have likewise invented a fan with which a girl of sixteen, by

the help of a little wind which is enclosed about one of the largest sticks, can make as loud a crack as a woman of fifty with an ordinary fan.

When the fans are thus discharged, the word of command, in course, is to "ground their fans." This teaches a lady to quit her fan gracefully when she throws it aside in order to take up a pack of cards, adjust a curl of hair, replace a falling pin, or apply herself to any other matter of importance. This part of the exercise, as it only consists in tossing a fan with an air upon a long table (which stands by for that purpose), may be learned in two days' time as well as in a twelvemonth.

When my female regiment is thus disarmed, I generally let them walk about the room for some time; when, on a sudden (like ladies that look upon their watches after a long visit), they all of them hasten to their arms, catch them up in a hurry, and place themselves in their proper stations, upon my calling out, "Recover your fans!" This part of the exercise is not difficult, provided a woman applies her thoughts to it.

The fluttering of the fan is the last, and, indeed, the masterpiece, of the whole exercise; but, if a lady does not misspend her time, she may make herself mistress of it in three months. I generally lay aside the dog-days, and the hot time of the summer, for the teaching this part of the exercise; for as soon as ever I pronounce, "Flutter your fans!" the place is filled with so many zephyrs and gentle breezes as are very refreshing in that season of the year, though they might be dangerous to ladies of a tender constitution in any other.

There is an infinite variety of motions to be made use of in the flutter of a fan. There is the angry flutter, the modest flutter, the timorous flutter, the confused flutter, the merry flutter, and the amorous flutter. Not to be tedious, there is scarce any emotion in the mind which does not produce a suitable agitation in the fan; insomuch, that, if I only see the fan of a disciplined lady, I know very well whether she laughs, frowns, or blushes. I have seen a fan so very angry, that it would have been dangerous for the absent lover who provoked it to have come within the wind of it; and at other times so very languishing, that I have been glad, for the lady's sake, the lover was at a sufficient distance from it. I need not add, that a fan is either

a prude or coquette, according to the nature of the person who bears it. To conclude my letter, I must acquaint you that I have from my own observations compiled a little treatise for the use of my scholars, entitled "The Passions of the Fan," which I will communicate to you if you think it may be of use to the public. I shall have a general review on Thursday next, to which you shall be very welcome if you will honor it with your presence.

Spectator.

WARNING TO WOMAN.

"JOHN," said Mrs. Sanscript to her husband one evening last week, "I've been reading the paper." — "That's nothin'," grunted John: "I've seen people before who read newspapers." — "Yes; but there are several things in the paper I can't understand." — "Then don't read 'em." — "What do they mean by the strike, John? What is a strike, anyhow?" — "A strike is where they have struck;" and Sanscript knocked the ashes from his cigar. "I don't grasp your meaning exactly," said Mrs. Sanscript, with a puzzled look. "Now, these strikers have stopped all the railroad-trains in the country. Why did they do it?" — "To prevent 'em from running." — "Yes, but why didn't they want trains to run?" — "Because they wanted more money for running them." — "Do they pay more for stopping trains than for running them?" — "No, you stupid woman!" — "Then why in the world did they stop 'em? why didn't they run more of 'em, or run 'em faster? Seems to me that would pay better." — "Mary Ann, you will never surround the problem." — "Maybe not, John. Some things are gotten up purposely to bother women. Now here is a column headed 'Base-Ball.' What is base-ball, John?" — "Don't you know what base-ball is? Happy woman! you have not lived in vain." — "Here it says that 'The Hartfords could not collar Cumming's curves.' What under the sun are Cumming's curves?" — "It's the way he delivers the ball." — "Is the ball chained?" — "No, you booby!" — "Then how does he deliver it?" — "I mean, pitches it." — "Oh! Now here it says Jones muffed a ball after a hard run. What was a ball doing after a hard run?" — "Hadn't you better confine your

research to the obituary and marriage columns, Mary, with an occasional advertisement thrown in to vary the monotony?" — "Yes, but, John, I want to know! There's Mrs. Racket, over the way, who goes to all the base-ball games, and comes home to talk me blind about 'fly fouls,' 'base hits,' 'sky-scrapers,' and all those things. For heaven's sake, John, what is a sky-scraper?" — "Compose yourself, old woman. You are treading on dangerous ground; your feet are on slippery rocks, while raging billows roll beneath." — "Mercy on me! What do you mean?" — "I mean, my dear madam, that whenever a woman begins to pry about among three strikes, fair balls, base hits, daisy cutters, home runs, and kindred subjects, she's in danger of being lost." — "Well, I confess I'm completely lost to know what this newspaper means when it says Addy stole a base, while the spectators applauded. Have we come to such a pass that society will applaud a theft? Why wasn't Addy arrested? Now here's Manning put out by Start, assisted by Carey, and I can't see that he did any thing wrong, either. Jemima Christopher! Here it says that Pike flew out. I don't believe a word of it. I never saw a man fly yet, and I won't believe it can be done till I see it with my own eyes. John, what makes these newspaper men lie so horribly?"

John was asleep; and Mrs. Sanscript turned gloomily, not to say sceptically, to the letter-list for information. Newspapers were not made for women.

THE CAVALRY CHARGE.

With bray of the trumpet, and roll of the drum,
And keen ring of bugle, the cavalry come.
Sharp clank the steel scabbards, the bridle-chains ring,
And foam from red nostrils the wild chargers fling.

Tramp, tramp! o'er the greensward that quivers below,
Scarce held by the curb-bit, the fierce horses go!
And the grim-visaged colonel, with ear-rending shout,
Peals forth to the squadrons the order, "*Trot out!*"

One hand on the sabre, and one on the rein,
The troopers move forward in line on the plain.

As rings the word "*Gallop!*" the steel scabbards clank,
And each rowel is pressed to a horse's hot flank;
And swift is their rush as the wild torrent's flow
When it pours from the crag on the valley below.

"*Charge!*" thunders the leader: like shaft from the bow,
Each mad horse is hurled on the wavering foe;
A thousand bright sabres are gleaming in air;
A thousand dark horses are dashed on the square.

Resistless and reckless of aught may betide,
Like demons, not mortals, the wild troopers ride.
Cut right! and cut left! for the parry who needs?
The bayonets shiver like wind-shattered reeds.

Vain, vain, the red volley that bursts from the square!
The random-shot bullets are wasted in air.
Triumphant, remorseless, unerring as death,
No sabre that's stainless returns to its sheath.

The wounds that are dealt by that murderous steel
Will never yield ease for the surgeon to heal.
Hurrah! they are broken! hurrah! boys, they fly:
None linger save those who but linger to die.

Rein up your hot horses, and call in your men, —
The trumpet sounds "*Rally to color*" again.
Some saddles are empty, some comrades are slain,
And some noble horses lie stark on the plain;
But war's a chance game, boys, and weeping is vain.

F. A. Durivage.

WIDOW STEBBINS ON HOMŒOPATHY.

These 'ere new-fangled doctors they call the homeypaths hev pesky odd noshuns, naow, 'n no mistake. They dew beat all natur' in thar idees 'baout doctorin' folks, 'n curin' 'em up with jest nuthin' at all but leetle bits uv sugar-pills 'n sech like. Then they hev the queerest names fur thar tincters 'n medicines thet ever I heern tell on. Thar's bellerdonny, cammermilly, pulsertilly, nucks vomicky, illumine

her, ache o' night, 'n goodness knows what not. I can't keep run on 'em no haow. Naow, my neighbor, Miss Fulsom, is allers tellin' 'baout homeypathy, 'n what a heap er good it's dun her fur all sorts er complaints. She's a sorter doctor, Miss Fulsom is, 'n sez it's her speer ter be doin' all the good she ken fur suff'rin' humanity.

Wall, I wuz tuk daown a peg in my 'pinion on it last spring, I wuz, 'n I'll tell ye haow it happened. My Sairy Ann caught the whoopin'-cough, or sumthin' or ruther uv the sort, 'n I felt a leetle frustrated 'baout it, 'n so I thought I'd run over ter Miss Fulsom's 'n see what she would proscribe fur it. She looked over her medicine chist — she's got a big one, I tell yeou, full uv vials uv all kinds 'n sizes, 'n it looks fur all the world like sum city confeckshunner's shop full uv candy 'n stuff.

Wall, ez I wuz a-sayin', she put on her specs 'n looked over her medicine chist, 'n sed sollumly, ez haow ef 'twuz her child she'd gin her a "heap er sulphur" right away. Wall, I wuz glad ter hear her say thet, ez I allers thought the homeypaths gin jest the leastest bit uv stuff when a body wuz sick, 'n so I sed I b'lieved I'd try it, ez it wouldn't do her no harm ef it didn't no good. I hed plenty uv sulphur in the haouse — I allers hev it on hand in the spring — 'n so I tuk nigh onter a cup full, ez I wuz sure Miss Fulsom said a heap on it, 'n mixed it up with merlasses, same ez I allus did, 'n made Sairy Ann take the hull on't, all ter wunst. Wall, she wuz jest the sickest child fur a while, Sairy Ann wuz, thet ever yeou did see, 'n it didn't seem ter help her cough a bit, nuther. Wall, I went over ter Miss Fulsom's, soon ez Sairy Ann could spare me comfortably, 'n told her what I dun, 'n would yeou b'lieve it? she laughed right aout in my face, — she's sober 'nuff, ginerally, Lord knows, — 'n said thet it wuz *hepar sulphur* thet she told me ter gin Sairy Ann, 'n thet *hepar* wuz a Latin word, 'n meant "the liver," 'n not a large quantity on any thing, ez I supposed. Wall, thet sickened me on homeypathy, 'n sence then I hev stuck ter the old skule, whar they don't hev no sech ridickerlus words ter bother a body's life out on 'em. Them's my sentyments on homeypathy.

CHARLES F. ADAMS.

THE FIGHT AT LOOKOUT.

HERE, sit ye down 'longside of me: I'm getting old and gray;
But something in the paper, boy, has riled my blood to-day.
To steal a purse is mean enough, the most of men agree;
But stealing reputation seems a meaner thing to me.

A letter in "The Herald" says some generals allow
That there wa'n't no fight where Lookout rears aloft its shaggy brow;
But this coat-sleeve swinging empty here beside me, boy, to-day
Tells a mighty different story in a mighty different way.

When sunbeams flashed o'er Mission Ridge that bright November morn,
The misty cap on Lookout's crest gave tokens of the storm;
For grim King Death had draped the mount in grayish, smoky shrouds, —
Its craggy peaks were lost to sight above the fleecy clouds.

Just at the mountain's rocky base we formed in serried lines,
While lightning with its jagged edge played on us from the pines;
The mission ours to storm the pits 'neath Lookout's crest that lay:
We stormed the very "gates of hell" with Fighting Joe that day.

The mountain seemed to vomit flames; the boom of heavy guns
Played bass to Dixie's music, while a treble played the drums;
The eagles, waking from their sleep, looked down upon the stars
Slow climbing up the mountain's side with morning's broken bars.

We kept our eyes upon the flag that upward led the way,
Until we lost it in the smoke on Lookout's side that day;
And then like demons loosed from hell we clambered up the crag,
"Excelsior" our motto, and our mission "Save the flag."

In answer to the rebel yell we gave a ringing cheer;
We left the rifle-pits behind, the crest loomed upward near;
A light wind playing 'long the peaks just lifted Death's gray shroud;
We caught a gleam of silver stars just breaking through the cloud.

A shattered arm hung at my side that day on Lookout's crag,
And yet I'd give the other now to save the dear old flag.
The regimental roll when called on Lookout's crest that night
Was more than doubled by the roll Death called in realms of light.

Just as the sun sank slowly down behind the mountain's crest,
When mountain-peaks gave back the fire that flamed along the west,
Swift riding down along the ridge upon a charger white
Came "Fighting Joe," the hero now of Lookout's famous fight.

He swung his cap as tears of joy slow trickled down his cheek,
And as our cheering died away the general tried to speak.
He said, "Boys, I'll court-martial you — yes, every man that's here:
I said to take the rifle-pits," — we stopped him with a cheer, —
"I said to take the rifle-pits upon the mountain's edge,
And I'll court-martial you because — because you took the ridge!"

Then such a laugh as swept the ridge where late King Death had strode!
And such a cheer as rent the skies, as down our lines he rode!
I'm getting old and feeble: I've not long to live, I know;
But there was a fight at Lookout — I was there with Fighting Joe.

So them generals in "The Herald," they may reckon and allow
That there wa'n't no fight at Lookout on the mountain's shaggy brow;
But this empty coat-sleeve swinging here beside me, boy, to-day
Tells a mighty different story in a mighty different way.

R. L. CARY, JUN.

THE WELL-DIGGER.

COME, listen all, while I relate
What recently befell
Unto a farmer down in Maine,
While digging of a well.

Full many a yard he dug and delved,
And still he dug in vain:
"Alack!" quoth he, "e'en water seems
Prohibited in Maine!"

And still he dug and delved away,
And still the well was dry:
The only water to be found
Was in the farmer's eye.

For, by the breaking of the bank
That tumbled from the station,
All suddenly his hopes were dashed
Of future liquidation.

And now his sands were running fast,
And he had died, no doubt—
But that just when the earth caved in
He happened to be out!

"Ah, ha! I have a happy thought!"
Exclaimed this wicked man:
"To dig away this cursed well,
I see a pretty plan.

"I'll hide me straight; and when my wife
And eke the neighbors know
What's happened to the digging here,
They'll think that I'm below;

"And so, to save my precious life,
They'll dig the well, no doubt,
E'en deeper than it was at first,
Before they find me out!"

And so he hid him in the barn
Through all the hungry day,
To bide the digging of his well
In this deceitful way.

But list what grief and shame befell
The false, ungrateful man,
The while he slyly watched to see
The working of his plan.

The neighbors all, with one accord,
Unto each other said,
"With such a weight of earth above,
The man is surely dead!"

And the wife, with pious care,
All needless cost to save,
Said, "Since the Lord has willed it,
E'en let it be his grave!"

JOHN G. SAXE.

BEHIND TIME.

A RAILROAD train was rushing along at almost lightning speed. A curve was just ahead, beyond which was a station, at which the cars usually passed each other. The conductor was late, so late that the period during which the down train was to wait had nearly elapsed; but he hoped yet to pass the curve safely. Suddenly a locomotive dashed into sight right ahead. In an instant there was a collision. A shriek, a shock, and fifty souls were in eternity; and all because an engineer had been *behind time*.

A great battle was going on. Column after column had been precipitated for eight mortal hours on the enemy posted along the ridge of a hill. The summer sun was sinking to the west; re-enforcements for the obstinate defenders were already in sight; it was necessary to carry the position with one final charge, or every thing would be lost.

A powerful corps had been summoned from across the country, and if it came up in season all would yet be well. The great conqueror, confident in its arrival, formed his reserve into an attacking column, and ordered them to charge the enemy. The whole world knows the result. Grouchy failed to appear; the imperial guard was beaten back; Waterloo was lost. Napoleon died a prisoner at St. Helena because one of his marshals was *behind time*.

A leading firm in commercial circles had long struggled against bankruptcy. As it had enormous assets in California, it expected remittances by a certain day; and, if the sums promised arrived, its credit, its honor, and its future prosperity would be preserved. But week after week elapsed without bringing the gold.

At last came the fatal day on which the firm had bills maturing to enormous amounts. The steamer was telegraphed at daybreak; but it was found, on inquiry, that she brought no funds, and the house failed. The next arrival brought nearly half a million to the insolvents, but it was too late; they were ruined because their agent, in remitting, had been *behind time*.

A condemned man was led out for execution. He had taken human life, but under circumstances of the greatest provocation, and public sympathy was active in his behalf. Thousands had signed petitions for a reprieve: a favorable answer had been expected the night before; and, though it had not come, even the sheriff felt confident that it would yet arrive in season.

Thus the morning passed without the appearance of the messenger. The last moment was up. The prisoner took his place on the drop, the cap was drawn over his eyes, the bolt was drawn, and a lifeless body swung revolving in the wind.

Just at that moment a horseman came into sight, galloping down hill, his steed covered with foam. He carried a packet in his right hand, which he waved rapidly to the crowd. He was the express rider with the reprieve. But

he had come too late. A comparatively innocent man had died an ignominious death, because a watch had been five minutes too slow, making its bearer arrive *behind time*.

It is continually so in life. The best-laid plans, the most important affairs, the fortunes of individuals, the weal of nations, honor, happiness, life itself, are daily sacrificed because somebody is "behind time." There are men who always fail in whatever they undertake, simply because they are "behind time." There are others who put off reformation year by year, till death seizes them, and they perish unrepentant, because forever "*behind time.*"

Five minutes in a crisis is worth years. It is but a little period, yet it has often saved a fortune or redeemed a people. If there is one virtue that should be cultivated more than another by him who would succeed in life, it is punctuality; if there is one error that should be avoided, it is being *behind time*.

FREEMAN HUNT.

A MIRACLE.

AN Irish priest on miracles a sermon one day preached;
And on his way home from the church, before his home he reached,
Was overtaken by a man whose name was Patrick Kent,
Who wished a miracle explained: he didn't know what one meant.

"A miracle, is it?" said the priest. "You want me to explain,
So when I say a miracle, you'll know just what I mane?
Well, thin, walk on forninst me now: come, hurry and be quick."
The man walked on: the priest walked up, and gave Pat quite a kick.

"Och!" roared the sufferer, feeling sore, "an' sure phy did ye that?"
"An' did ye fale it?" asked the priest. "Begor I did," said Pat.
"Ah, ha! ye felt it then, ye did, — ye felt the kick ye got?
Well, sir, 'twould been a miracle if ye had felt it not."

CHARLES H. WEBBER.

WEAVING THE WEB.

"THIS morn I will weave my web," she said,
As she stood by her loom in the rosy light,
And her young eyes, hopefully glad and clear,
Followed afar the swallow's flight.
"As soon as the day's first tasks are done,
While yet I am fresh and strong," said she,
"I will hasten to weave the beautiful web
Whose pattern is known to none but me.

"I will weave it fine, I will weave it fair;
And ah! how the colors will glow!" she said.
"So fadeless and strong will I weave my web,
That perhaps it will live after I am dead."
But the morning hours sped on apace;
The air grew sweet with the breath of June;
And young Love, hid by the waiting loom,
Tangled the threads as he hummed a tune.

"Ah! life is so rich and full," she cried,
"And morn is short though the days are long!
This noon I will weave my beautiful web,
I will weave it carefully, fine, and strong."
But the sun rode high in the cloudless sky;
The burden and heat of the day she bore;
And hither and thither she came and went,
While the loom stood still as it stood before.

"Ah! life is too busy at noon," she said:
"My web must wait till the eventide,
Till the common work of the day is done,
And my heart grows calm in the silence wide."
So one by one the hours passed on,
Till the creeping shadows had longer grown;
Till the house was still, and the breezes slept,
And her singing birds to their nests had flown.

"And now I will weave my web," she said,
As she turned to her loom ere set of sun,
And laid her hand on the shining threads
To set them in order one by one.

But hand was tired, and heart was weak:
"I am not as strong as I was," sighed she;
"And the pattern is blurred, and the colors rare
Are not so bright, or so fair to see.

"I must wait, I think, till another morn;
I must go to my rest with my work undone;
It is growing too dark to weave," she cried,
As lower and lower sank the sun.
She dropped the shuttle; the loom stood still;
The weaver slept in twilight gray.
Dear heart, will she weave her beautiful web
In the golden light of a longer day?

THE GREAT FUTURE.

Look at it, senators of the South. Just think of the great future which these thirty-eight American States have before them. Precious and glorious as is their history in the past, it dwarfs and pales before the great hope that opens before them. Think of imperial New York, with the commerce which brings the wealth of all nations to her gates. Think of mighty Pennsylvania, with her mines and her factories. Think of Massachusetts, home of the scholar and the workman. Think of the great North-west, with its million farms, its million homes, in each of which liberty dwells a perpetual guest. Think of that great coast, where, on the shores of a more pacific sea, men of our own blood and kindred are in the near future to build States and institutions, compared with which any thing the East has seen is poor and mean. The streets of a wealthier New York, the halls of a more learned Harvard, the homes of a more cultured Boston, the workshops of a busier Philadelphia, shall grow up on the shore of that vast ocean, across which the American people gaze at the monuments of the oldest civilization of the past.

Where will you be, men of the South? What shall be the place of your States in this glorious race? Do you wish to be left behind, sucking your thumbs, nursing your wrath, stirring the dregs of an effete and rotten past, cherishing the

memory of ancient wrong and crime, studying the American Constitution to see how much of slavery there is left in it? Will you bring up your young men to share in the imperial glory, and beauty, and hope, which the future has for these great American States, or bring them up half ruffian and half assassin? Do not understand that I charge they are that now. But I say that the policy you are tolerating will bring them to that. Virginia and Georgia, and Alabama and Texas, are far more richly endowed with opportunity than any States of the North. The States of the South have their great history of the times of their settlement, of the days of the Revolution, of the administration of the Government in the early days of the Constitution. They have their rich lands, their mighty streams, their lofty mountains, their vast and fertile fields, their willing laborers, their brave and restless people. Why will they not embrace and welcome the one thing needed to place them far in advance of the other American States; and that is the great doctrine of justice and of the constitution, which shall secure to every man, white or black, dwelling upon their soil, his manhood, his honor, his freedom, his equal suffrage as an American citizen?

GEORGE F. HOAR.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

THE cock hath crowned from yonder stile, —
That brave old chanticleer
Who ringeth our Christmas in, the while
Gay lads and fair lasses the hours beguile
With frolic and good cheer:
He croweth plainly to far and near,
"Christmas comes but once a year."

And whilst the cock is growing shrill,
The parish bells are chiming,
An old man cometh by the mill
Far over the fields this way until
I can plainly hear him rhyming,
"Roam the world over, wherever I call,
'Tis merry in kitchen, 'tis merry in hall."

Now he crosseth the white-clover patch,
  Now he is over the stile, —
Comes through the gate without lifting a latch;
Under my window his music I catch, —
  "Little friends, listen a while:
    Roam the world over, wherever I call,
    'Tis merry in cabin, 'tis merry in hall."

This visitor strange, in the dead of the night,
  When all our wee folks were in bed,
Wore a suit of red velvet embroidered in white,
Coat, waistcoat, and breeches with buckles so bright,
  And a funny cocked hat on his head.
His locks are white as the new-flaked snow,
  His cheeks are ruddy and cold;
He is full in the face, and full down below;
His shoes have a wonderful breadth of toe,
  And such very big clasps of gold!
He is fresh from the land where the north winds blow,
  Apparently out on a spree;
For he carries the stick of Old Rosin the Bow,
A stick that was cut where the evergreens grow,
  While fairies danced under the tree:
    And he sings, "The world over, wherever I call,
    'Tis merry in cabin, 'tis merry in hall."

He carries a hobby-horse slung on his back,
  A bushel of toys in his pockets,
Cakes, candies, and sugar-plums all in a sack,
Drums, trumpets, and rattles, a long whip to crack,
  And dolls whose eyes move in their sockets.
There are jewels and linens of costliest thread,
  Bandanas of every variety;
Moire antique, tissue, and velvet brocade,
From the faintest of pink to deepest of red,
  In style for the best of society.
    The old man calleth full and clear,
    "Ho! Christmas comes but once a year!
    Maidens and masters may slumber on,
    But they'll look in their stockings when the old man is
      gone."

I listened, and looked at this wonderful sight,
Though I knew the old man in a minute:
Then opened the window, and called with delight,
"Come up, Mr. Santa Claus, out of the night,
To my room, — there is nobody in it, —
For the good old times of Christmas cheer,
That visit our household every year."

The words were scarce out of my mouth, I declare,
When there seemed as of sleigh-bells a ringing,
And off like a shot he flew up in the air,
Down the chimney, and into my big easy-chair,
Where he seated himself with a grace that was rare,
All the while merrily singing,
"Roam the world over, wherever I call,
'Tis merry in cabin, 'tis merry in hall."

"Merry Christmas, my darling," he pleasantly said,
"And many returns of the same, ma'am!
So now, as the dear little folks overhead,
Pretty Kate, and sweet Bessie and Nell, are in bed.
Let's prepare for a frolicsome day, ma'am,
For the good old times of Christmas cheer,
Which visit this household every year."

Then ranging the pretty things round on the floor,
He lifted his evergreen stick up,
Waved it above them three times and no more,
Heigh! Scampermus! off they go out of the door,
Each lot to its stocking according to law,
And there was a glorious kick-up,
To that good old tune, played far and near,
Of "Christmas cometh but once a year."

By this early dawn was beginning to break —
High again rang old chanticleer's trumpet.
"And now, kindest madam, before they awake,
One parting salute for dear memory's sake,
And because in a trice I must stump it,"
The old man whispered in my ear,
"For Christmas comes but once a year."

And his arm stole gently round my waist,
Or ever I might prevent him:
I could but overlook his haste,
To be thus tenderly embraced,
Though one did not content him;
And the old man bowed, polite as a peer,
"Ah! Christmas comes but once a year."

Then the gallant old joker sat down to his prog,
And his little eyes twinkled with pleasure.
He ate the cold pastry, he drank the egg-nog,
Then lighted his pipe at the big back-log,
And was off in a whiff to the measure
Of "Roam the world over, wherever I call,
It is merry in cabin, and merry in hall."

"THEM YANKEE BLANKITS."

WHERE SUFFERING AND BROTHERLY KINDNESS BROUGHT HEARTS TOGETHER.

Yes, John, I was down thar at Memphis,
A-workin' around at the boats,
A-heavin' o' cotton with emph'sis,
An' a loadin' her onter the floats.
I was comin' away from Ole Texas,
Whar I went, you know, arter the wah —
'Bout it now I'll make no reflexes,
But wait till I git ter long taw.

Well, while I was down thar the fever,
As yaller an' pizen as sin,
Broke out; an' ef you'll beleeve her,
Wharever she hit she struck in!
It didn't take long in the hatchin',
It jes' fa'rly bred in the air,
Till a hosspitel camp warn't a patchin'
An' we'd plenty o' corpses to spare.

I volunteer'd then with the Howards, —
I thought thet my duty was clear, —
An' I didn't look back'ards, but for'ards,
An' went ter my work 'ithout fear.

One day, howsomever, she got me
As quick as the shot of a gun,
An' they toted me off ter allot me
A bunk tell my life-race was run.

The doctor and nurses they wrestled,
But it didn't do me any good;
An' the drugger he poundid an' pestled,
But he didn't git up the right food.
"No blankits ner ice in the city!"—
I hear'd 'em say that from my bed,—
An' some cried, "O God! who'll take pity
On the dyin' that soon'll be dead?"

Next day, howsomever, the doctor
Come in with a smile on his brow.
"Old boy, jest as yit we hain't knocked her,"
Said he, "but we'll do fer her now!"
Fer, yer see, John, them folks ter the Nor'ward
Hed hear'd us afore we call'd twice,
An' they'd sent us a full cargo forward
Of them much-needed blankits an' ice!

Well, brother, I've been mighty solid
Agin' Yankees, yer know, since the wah,
An' agin' reconstrucktin' was stolid,
Not kearin' fer Kongriss ner law;
But, John, I got onder thet kiver,
That God-blessed gift o' the Yanks,
An' it sav'd me frum fordin' "the river,"
An' I'm prayin' 'em oceans o' thanks!

I tell yer, old boy, thar's er streak in us
Old Rebels an' Yanks thet is warm;
It's er brotherly love thet'll speak in us,
An' fetch us together in storm:
We may snarl about "niggers an' francheese,"
But whenever thar's sufferin' afoot,
The two trees'll unite in the branches
The same as they do at the root!

SAMUEL W. SMALL.

JIM LANE'S LAST MESSAGE.

You see, that Jim Lane of the office
Had the keeping at Panamar Creek;
As fine and as noble a fellow
As ever translated the "click."
We were chums in the army together;
His signal I knew like a book;
And his nervous, crisp manner of working
A message could not be mistook.

Poor Jim! he was first to go under
When the Yellow Jack happened this way;
And a sorry time 'twas in the mountains
When we laid him away in the clay.
The boys the whole length of the line here
Made a purse for the widow and "chick;"
But we missed Jimmy Lane and his signal,
And the sharp, nervous way of his click.

Well, one midnight or near it, last season,
I was timing the "mail" from the West,
Sweeping on through the long narrow valley
Like a thunderbolt, doing its best;
Till the signal came from the last station,
And I knew in ten minutes the "mail"
Would be past me, and climbing the grading
Between here and the Cumberland Vale;

When quick on the heels of the message
Came a signal with sharp, nervous click:
I'd have sworn that *Jim Lane was a-working*
The wires up at Panamar Creek.
Back my answer, and on came a message,
"Quick, quick, change the further branch switch!"
I was out in a moment, and tearing
Down the track by that onery ditch,

Where I found that some wretch had been turning
The switch to demolish the train;
And a spike driven down on the timber
To render my efforts in vain.

I tell you now, stranger, no mortal
Ever worked as I did that night:
I believe other hands were a-helping,
Though you may conclude it was fright.

But that spike was pulled out *in some manner,*
And the switch-lever swung to its place,
Just as past swept the train on her metal,
Nip and tuck with her time in the race.
And, as I reeled back in my weakness,
In the last flying coach of the train
I saw Jimmy's widow and baby,
Looking out through a bright lighted pane!

SHERMAN D. RICHARDSON.

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH, ADAPTED FROM THE PLAY OF THAT NAME.

Characters: WILLIAM HOLDER, an old copyist; CONSTANCE BELMOUR, a favorite actress.

SCENE. — MISS BELMOUR'S *parlor: table with writing-materials and a bouquet of flowers upon it,* L.; *chair near it. Enter* R. CONSTANCE.

CON. An open rupture at last! I have quarrelled with the manager, thrown down my part in disgust, and swept from the stage with all the grace and dignity befitting the public's favorite. A degenerate stage indeed, when a dramatic author presumes, before the whole company, to dictate the manner in which his piece is to be acted! Mr. Beaumont Fletcher actually stormed with rage, declaring I rehearsed to-day on purpose to turn the whole piece into ridicule. If I did, the piece deserved it. A father — a daughter — the old story, old as the world. To be sure, the story is very touching, but I — I have never known a father. True art is to reproduce nature; and nature's first, best gifts, a father and a mother's love, have been denied me. I will refuse the part at once. (*Sits at table.*) Poor Mr. Fletcher! I have a little regard for him, after all, and he for me, else why these flowers? for they must have come from him. A certain

jealous friend of mine declares he saw the old copyist buying them this morning; and he is always at Mr. Fletchers elbow. (*Takes pen.*) Never mind: the insulted majesty of the generous public's favorite must be avenged. I'll refuse the part at once. (*About to write; knock* R.) Ah! who's there? Come in. (*Writes. Enter* HOLDER, R.)

HOL. (*aside*). In her presence, alone with her! I never dreamed — never dared hope — to be so near; and yet I tremble.

CON. Well! (*Looks up.*) Ah! I remember your face somewhere.

HOL. At the theatre probably.

CON. If I am not mistaken. I have often seen you as I entered the theatre.

HOL. Possibly, possibly.

CON. (*rising*). What ails you? Are you ill?

HOL. No! Oh, dear, no! It's only a — I was not prepared. It's the first time you have spoken to me.

CON. And that produces such an effect on you?

HOL. Yes, I don't know how it is; but it is nothing.

CON. (*aside*). Poor man! (*Aloud.*) I shall make it a point of speaking to you whenever I see you now. I want you to get accustomed to my voice. What have you there?

HOL. Your part, which you dropped upon the stage at rehearsal. Mr. Fletcher sent me.

CON. You can take it back. I shall not play it.

HOL. Not play it? Then he will give it to another.

CON. (*aside*). I never thought of that. (*Aloud.*) You are very much attached to Mr. Fletcher?

HOL. But for him I should have starved.

CON. Starved! die of hunger in wealthy London!

HOL. It is true though. That day when he found me almost fainting near the stage door of the theatre —

CON. What were you doing there?

HOL. I was waiting.

CON. Waiting for what?

HOL. (*quickly*). Nothing. I expected nothing. I came here by accident — because I had not strength to go farther. Why, yesterday, he gave me a guinea for copying a comedy, — a guinea, — a whole guinea: I had not been so rich for many a day.

CON. Which, you doubtless invested in stocks.

HOL. No, madam; roses.

CON. Roses? (*Points to flowers.*) Do you know the bouquet?

HOL. The one I purchased this morning.

CON. This bouquet, you purchased it, and sent it to me?

HOL. Yes.

CON. These are flowers of great price.

HOL. Yesterday — at the theatre — I was standing behind one of the wings, and I heard you say you loved them.

CON. Oh! (*Aside.*) Decidedly, I have made a conquest here.

HOL. Don't be angry with me. I entreat of you now; don't laugh at me.

CON. I am neither angry with you, nor in the mood to laugh at you. But what would you have me say to you?

HOL. Ah! Cons — madam!

CON. You are doubtless very unhappy. Your sufferings touch me sorely.

HOL. Unhappy! Yes. Twenty years ago I was in trade here in London, — a good trade, and I made money. I met a young girl: she was pretty, very pretty. I proposed marriage to her, and was accepted. For three years I was the happiest of men. I was passionately fond of my wife. I had a daughter, whom I adored. My happiness was too great to last. A young man, gay, dashing, handsome, became a frequent customer. On one occasion I observed him speak to my wife in a manner I thought rather strange. I spoke of it to her, and she said I must be mad. I loved her, and was silenced. Next day I went out: when I returned my house was empty, my home deserted. My wife had eloped with him, and taken my child with her.

CON. Wretched woman!

HOL. Little by little, my wounded pride effaced the wrongs of the woman I had loved so dearly; but another memory clung to me, my daughter, — the child I had danced upon my knee, that I taught to lisp my name, the babe whose smile was sunshine to me, whose first words were like an angel's whisper in my ear.

CON. How very sad!

HOL. Fifteen years dragged its weary time away, when one day I received a letter. It was from her, — my wife. She had doubtless written it on her death-bed. "Pardon me," she said, "I have been bitterly punished. As for your daughter" —

CON. Well, your daughter —

HOL. It was the greatest blow of all; but it must be told. "As for your daughter, I know not where she is; but you will surely recognize her, if you recall my form and features. Such as I was when you first saw and loved me, such is your child to-day, — the same face, the same form, the same voice." I uttered a cry of joy, "My child lives: I shall see her once again!"

CON. Why, this is stranger than fiction.

HOL. I traversed the town in hope of meeting her, visited every public place. I was repulsed at every door, my inquiries were laughed at. One day I heard a voice, — the voice of my wife; a woman appeared, — the form of my wife. The woman turned, — the face of my wife; the voice, — it was the voice of my child.

CON. She!

HOL. Yes; I saw her again next day. Not a day passes without my seeing her.

CON. And you have not thrown yourself into her arms? You have not made yourself known to her?

HOL. No.

CON. Why not?

HOL. How might she have received my burst of affection? The love of father and child is not instinct. I can endure being unknown to her, console myself by looking at her, and loving her in secret; but to say to her, "I am your father," and not be loved —

CON. She would soon learn to love you.

HOL. If I had been a stranger to her for fifteen years, and they had said to me, "Here is your daughter," that would not suffice to make me love her. No, thank Heaven! I have nothing to reproach her with, — poor child! To forgive is to merit forgiveness. Remember, I am poor, old, and without resources. When I should have told her that I was her father, what would she have done? offered me bread as a duty. No, no! I must go far away.

CON. You have suffered deeply. I wish I could help you; perhaps I can. Give me the name of your daughter. I will go to her, tell her your story, and —

HOL. No, no! leave all to time.

CON. As you please. Give me the part. I have reconsidered the matter, and will study it. You may tell Mr. Fletcher that your story, and your partiality for him, have induced me to consent.

HOL. Thanks. I like Mr. Fletcher's piece.

CON. Do you?

HOL. There is one part in particular that affected me to tears, — the scene where the father finds his daughter.

CON. The very part Mr. Fletcher says I murder.

HOL. That scene requires to be well acted.

CON. Yes.

HOL. Well acted by the man, and particularly well acted by the lady.

CON. You are quite right.

HOL. The lady has but one word to say, but one exclamation, — "My father!" — but the success entirely depends upon her manner of giving it.

CON. And that is where I fail.

HOL. But you'll not fail: you will study hard, and triumph.

CON. I will do my best. (*Bows, and goes to table.*)

HOL. (*aside*). To part without embracing her! I would give the world for one embrace, and to call her my — But it is impossible. I will go at once. If I look at her again, my courage will fail. And yet I cannot leave her thus. One embrace, one kiss, and I leave her forever, but how — Ah — the play, the play! (*Aloud.*) The scene of recognition, I know it by heart. Perhaps I might assist you.

CON. You know it by heart?

HOL. Yes; through copying it, it fixed itself in my memory.

CON. What a memory! I studied that surely more than an hour, and I do not feel myself master of it yet.

HOL. Will you go through it with me?

CON. With you?

HOL. You object?

CON. Well, really this is the oddest circumstance — certainly. What are our positions? Oh! you there, sir, — I here: presently you cross me. We commence the scene after the young girl's story. Begin, sir.

HOL. (*rehearsing*). "When you arrived in London, repeat that to me again, the servant who accompanied you brought you to an old lady?"

CON. "Yes."

HOL. "The lady at first received you unkindly: is it not so? Soon she would not part with you."

CON. "Yes; but how know you this?"

HOL. "I know it."

CON. You are quite affected: you are perfect to a letter, and rehearse it charmingly. You ought to have been an actor.

HOL. I could not re-act all parts like this. "Five years passed, when one day the old lady called you to her. 'This is your home,' she said. 'The moment has arrived when I must depart.'"

CON. "Her very words!"

HOL. "And then she quitted you. She exhibited no sign of affection for you: she only announced to you that a man would shortly present himself to you. This man"—

CON. "This man was he to whom I offered my daily vows, though to me he was unknown. 'That man,' said she, 'is your father.'"

HOL. "I am he."

CON. "You?"

HOL. "Yes, I, I! My child! yes, at last, at last, my child! Yes; 'tis I! 'tis I!"

CON. Stay, that's not it: you forget. There's nothing of that kind in the manuscript.

HOL. What is it, then?

CON. (*reading*). "My child, my child, yes, I! your father. Not a moment during the twenty years which have separated us, have I ceased to think of the day when I should be enabled to press you to my heart."

HOL. I beg your pardon, I was mistaken. "Yes, your father, not a minute during the twenty years which"— What comes next?

CON. "Have separated us, have I ceased to think."

HOL. Wrong, all wrong! No father on finding his daughter would make use of such an expression. Here is a man who has not seen his daughter for years, who seeks, who finds her, sees her, speaks to her; and the author puts into his mouth a long rigmarole. He could not speak it, impossible! Tears, sobs, that's all. My child, here, come to my heart, let me gaze upon you! Don't speak, my child! How sweet that name! Your—your father, 'tis I! Not a word; you cannot, you cannot know. My child! my child!

CON. You are faint.

HOL. No: it is nothing. That's more like what I should feel.

CON. You put me out completely. I don't remember a word now. You are crying.

HOL. Likely it's the character of the father. Let us finish the scene.

CON. What a splendid actor you would have made!

HOL. Shall we finish the scene?

CON. "You say you are my father?"

HOL. "You doubt it: happily I can invoke remembrances that will give confidence to your heart. Do you not recall your days of childhood, a cottage surrounded with large trees, the high road passing before the door?"

CON. "Yes, yes!"

HOL. "On the road in the distance, a man who, waving his handkerchief, shouted, 'I am here!'"

CON. "I remember well."

HOL. "He crossed the threshold, pressed you in his arms, and kissing you again and again he danced for joy. Can you still doubt?"

CON. "My father!"

HOL. Ah! that's not it. You do not give sufficient force to the words.

CON. (*turning away*). Then let some one else do it.

HOL. Be patient, be patient. You can do it to perfection, I am sure. Why not work yourself up to the notion, that this young girl who has not heard of her father for twenty years is yourself?

CON. What do you say?

HOL. Imagine yourself the girl you are representing.

CON. There is something in your words and manner —

HOL. Try again. This time you will feel the words. "He pressed you in his arms, he kissed you again and again, he danced for joy. Can you still doubt?"

CON. "My father!"

HOL. (*shakes his head*). No, no!

CON. I know; but I shall never do better.

HOL. I suspect the fault lies with the author. The remembrances he invokes in this scene are very vague. A road — a man in the road — there is nothing to lead up to. Who knows now, if we were to change some words?

CON. Ah, yes! Cut out "my father."

HOL. No, no! change the details. Allow me. Recall to your memory, my child, — bethink you well, — a large room, a man seated on a table, cross-legged, who sometimes

crept towards you, with his head moving up and down like a monkey, to make you laugh.

CON. Ah!

HOL. Do you remember? By the side of the man a large pair of shears, with which you always wanted to play, and the man scolded you gently, — very gently, — told you not to touch them.

CON. Surely that was — go on.

HOL. And one day when you cut yourself with these shears, your blood flowed, you remember?

CON. Yes.

HOL. You cried. The man jumped from the table, pale with fright. But when he saw it was nothing, he pretended to laugh, and beat the shears very hard to console you — my child! my child! — that man, do you remember him?

CON. My father! (*She runs into his arms. They embrace and kiss each other with strong feeling.*)

HOL. You said it right then, — said it finely, suiting the word to the action, the action to the word.

CON. And do I indeed embrace my father, that best protector from the world's assaults? Oh! I have often dreamed of this; but the bright reality, with its vivid flashes of childhoods memories, seem to endow me with a new existence of filial love and pleasure.

HOL. Did I not tell you you were a genius? my good genius! One touch of nature has restored a child to a father's heart. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

A DISTURBANCE IN CHURCH.

THEY have had more trouble at our Methodist meeting-house. Last Sunday Rev. Mr. Moody was just beginning his sermon, and had uttered the words, "Brethren, I wish to direct your attention this morning to the fourth verse of the twentieth chapter of Saint"— when a hen emerged from the recess beneath the pulpit. As she had just laid an egg, she interrupted Mr. Moody to announce the fact to the congregation; and he stopped short as she walked out into the aisle, screeching: "Kuk-kuk-kuk-kuk-te-ke! Kuk-kuk-kuk-kuk-te-ko!"

Mr. Moody contemplated her for a moment, and then concluded to go on; but the sound of his voice seemed to provoke her to rivalry, and so she put on a pressure of five or six pounds to the square inch, and made such a racket that the preacher stopped again, and said, —

"Will Deacon Grimes please remove that disgraceful chicken from the meeting-house?"

The deacon rose, and proceeded with the task. He first tried to drive her toward the door; but she dodged him, and, still clucking vigorously, got under the seat in the front pew. Then the deacon seized his umbrella, and scooped her out into the aisle again, after which he tried to "shoo" her toward the door; but she darted into a pew, hopped over the partition, came down in the opposite pew, and out into the side aisle, making a noise like a steam planing-mill.

The deacon didn't like to climb over after her, so he went round, and just as he got into the side aisle the hen flew over into the middle aisle again. Then the boys in the gallery laughed, and the deacon began to grow red in the face.

At last Mr. Binns came out of his pew to help, and as both he and the deacon made a dash at the chicken from opposite directions she flew up with a wild cluck to the gallery, and perched on the edge, while she gave excited expression to her views by emitting about five hundred clucks a minute. The deacon flung a hymn-book at her to scare her down again, but he missed, and hit Billy Jones, a Sunday-school scholar, in the eye. Then another boy in the gallery made a dash at her, and reached so far over that he tumbled and fell on Mrs. Miskey's bonnet, whereupon she said loud that he was predestined for the gallows. The crash scared the hen, and she flew over and roosted on the stove-pipe that ran along just under the ceiling, fairly howling with fright. In order to bring her down, the deacon and Mr. Binns both beat on the lower part of the pipe with their umbrellas, and at the fifth or sixth knock the pipe separated and about forty feet of it came down with a crash, emptying a barrel or two of soot over the congregation. There were women in that congregation who went home looking as if they had been working in a coal-mine, and wishing they could stab Deacon Grimes without being hung for murder. The hen came down with the stove-pipe; and as she flew by Mr. Binns he made a dash at her with his umbrella, and knocked her clear through a fifteen-dollar pane of glass, whereupon she

landed in the street, and hopped off clucking insanely. Then Mr. Moody adjourned the congregation. They are going to expel the owner of that hen from the church when they discover his identity. MAX ADELER.

THE PALMER'S VISION.

Noon o'er Judæa! All the air was beating
With the hot pulses of the day's great heart;
The birds were silent; and the rill, retreating,
Shrank in its covert, and complained apart,

When a lone pilgrim, with his scrip and burden,
Dropped by the wayside weary and distressed,
His sinking heart grown faithless of its guerdon, —
The city of his recompense and rest.

No vision yet of Galilee and Tabor!
No glimpse of distant Zion thronged and crowned!
Behind him stretched his long and useless labor,
Before him lay the parched and stony ground.

He leaned against a shrine of Mary, casting
Its balm of shadow on his aching head:
And worn with toil, and faint with cruel fasting,
He sighed, "O God! O God, that I were dead!

"The friends I love are lost, or left behind me;
In penury and loneliness I roam;
These endless paths of penance choke and blind me:
Oh, come and take thy wasted pilgrim home!"

Then with the form of Mary bending o'er him,
Her hands in changeless benediction stayed,
The palmer slept, while a swift dream upbore him
To the fair paradise for which he prayed.

He stood alone, wrapped in divinest wonder;
He saw the pearly gates and jasper walls
Informed with light; and heard the far-off thunder
Of chariot wheels and mighty waterfalls.

From far and near, in rhythmic palpitations,
Rose on the air the noise of shouts and psalms;
And through the gates he saw the ransomed nations
Marching, and waving their triumphant palms.

And white within the thronging empyrean,
A golden palm-branch in his kingly hand,
He saw his Lord, — the gracious Galilean, —
Amid the worship of his myriads stand.

"O Jesus, Lord of glory! bid me enter:
I worship thee! I kiss thy holy rood!"
The pilgrim cried, when from the burning centre
A broad-winged angel sought him where he stood.

"Why art thou here?" in accents deep and tender
Outspoke the messenger. "Dost thou not know
That none may win the city's rest and splendor
Who do not cut their palms in Jericho?

"Go back to earth, thou palmer empty-handed!
Go back to hunger and the toilsome way!
Complete the task that duty hath commanded,
And win the palm thou hast not brought to-day!"

And then the sleeper woke, and gazed around him;
Then springing to his feet with life renewed,
He spurned the faithless weakness that had bound him,
And, faring on, his pilgrimage pursued.

The way was hard, and he grew halt and weary;
But one long day, among the evening hours,
He saw beyond a landscape gray and dreary
The sunset flame on Salem's sacred towers.

Oh, fainting soul that readest well this story,
Longing through pain for death's benignant balm,
Think not to win a heaven of rest and glory
If thou shalt reach its gates without thy palm!

J. G. HOLLAND.

"A SWEETER REVENGE."

THE coffin was a plain one, — no flowers on its top, no lining of rose-white satin for the pale brow, no smooth ribbons about the coarse shroud. The brown hair was laid decently back, but there was no crimped cap, with its neat tie beneath the chin. "I want to see my mother," sobbed a poor child, as the city undertaker screwed down the top. "You can't: get out of the way, boy! Why don't somebody take the brat away?" — "Only let me see her one minute," cried the hapless orphan, clutching the side of the charity box. And as he gazed into that rough face tears streamed down the cheek on which no childish bloom ever lingered. Oh, it was pitiful to hear him cry, "Only once! let me see my mother only once!" Brutally the hard-hearted monster struck the boy away, so that he reeled with the blow. For a moment the boy stood panting with grief and rage, his blue eyes expanded, his lips sprang apart; a fire glittered through his tears as he raised his puny arm, and with a most unchildish accent screamed, "When I am a man I'll kill you for that!" A coffin and a heap of earth was between the mother and her poor forsaken child; a monument stronger than granite built in his boy-heart to the memory of a heartless deed.

. . . . . .

The court-house was crowded to suffocation. "Does any one appear as this man's counsel?" asked the judge. There was silence when he finished, until, with lips tightly pressed together, a look of strange recognition blended with haughty reserve upon his handsome features, a young man, a stranger, stepped forward to plead for the erring and the friendless. The splendor of his genius entranced — convinced. The man who could not find a friend was acquitted. "May God bless you, sir! I cannot." — "I want no thanks," replied the stranger, with icy coldness. "I — I believe you are unknown to me." — "Man, I will refresh your memory. Twenty years ago you struck a broken-hearted boy away from his poor mother's coffin: I was that poor, miserable boy." — "Have you rescued me, then, to take my life?" — "No; I have a *sweeter revenge:* I have saved the life of a man whose brutal deed has rankled in my breast for twenty years. Go, and remember the tears of a friendless child."

The man bowed his head in shame, and went out from the presence of a magnanimity as grand to him as incomprehensible; and the noble lawyer felt God's smile in his soul forever after.

THE FARMER'S STORY.

You see that tree over yonder, with branches long an' wide,
Underneath which, from the sunlight, the cattle seek to hide;
An' the railroad close beside it, with that long train o' cars
Crawlin' along like a serpent over the iron bars?

Well, a year ago last summer, one mornin' in July,
I was hayin' in the medder, an' spreadin' the grass to dry;
Willie, our youngest, was playin' under that self-same tree,
A-buildin' sticks into houses, as busy as busy could be.

I left him playin' as usual, an' labored to an' fro
A-spreadin' the grass before me as fast as I could go;
But sudden I heard a whistle, such as an engine makes
When there is somethin' the trouble, an' warns the use o' brakes.

I instantly thought o' Willie, an' looked along the track;
An' there with his hair a-streamin', an' hangin' down his back,
An' his little arms a-swingin', an' shoutin' at every breath,
He stood a-facin' the engine in the very jaws of death.

Had that picture been on paper, 'twere well enough to see,
But seeing that picture in earnest with me didn't agree;
For when I looked upon it my eyes seemed all a blur,
An' I felt like a man in the stocks who couldn't hardly stir.

But while I stood there tremblin' an' paralyzed with fear,
Thinkin' more thoughts in a second than I could write in a year,
I saw the cab window open, an' a man, athletic an' tall,
Shot out with somethin' the quickness of a well-sent cannon-ball.

Over the boiler he clambered, an' round the smokin' stack,
Until he reached the cow-catcher that runs close to the track;
But the moment that he grasped it he stood as firm as steel,
With the courage of a martyr who dies upon the wheel.

So just as that durned engine, greedy for prey as a shark,
Went sweepin' after its victim like bullets after a mark,
That engineer leaned forward, an' reached his hand ahead;
But whiz went the engine by me, an' down went my heart like lead.

I never warn't much at prayin' — never warn't much at a swear;
But if ever I felt like prayin' 'twas while I was standin' there.
"God save Willie!" I shouted; "Save Willie!" I shouted again,
Then jumped the fence like a squirrel, an' bounded after the train.

It came to a standstill at last, an' from it went up a cheer,
An' quickly comin' to meet me I saw the engineer:
In his arms he held up Willie, as chipper an' as gay
As the moment that I left him under the tree at play.

I was so overcome with joy, it was hard for me to speak;
I couldn't hardly thank him, my tongue it was so weak;
But after I'd stopped a little, I walked up straight and square,
And hugged that feller closer than any grizzly bear.

So after the scene was over I invited him to call
At our cottage in the holler, an' see us each an' all.
So he called on us one evenin'; but, when he entered the door,
I saw he was young an' han'some, — what I hadn't seen before.

An' Mary Jane, our daughter, noticed it quick as I,
For she kinder played the 'possum, an' watched him on the sly;
An' I saw when she looked at him, an' he looked down at her,
They were shootin' private glances of a deadly character.

So at som'at in the evenin', when talk was gettin' slack,
An' I'd asked a heap o' questions that wasn't answered back,
I sorter rose up slowly, an' to Nancy slyly said,
I guessed we wasn't wanted, an' had better go to bed.

Well, it ended in a weddin', as you might well suppose;
For one mornin' Jane came to me, as blushin' as a rose,
An' asked if I was "willin' that" — but quick came to a pause;
So I, surmisin' the question, quickly answered that I was.

So instead of losin' Willie, we lost our Mary Jane;
But it better be through wedlock than under the wheels of a train:
For he was a smart young feller, straight as an arrow, an' tall;
But Jane was fully his ekal, although her figure was small.

To-day I saw some swaddlin' clothes that Willie used to wear,
All washed an' ironed for somethin', an' hangin' on a chair;
But when I asked about 'em, my wife looked up so queer,
That I quickly changed the subject, an' didn't interfere.

But I've told you how our Willie was saved from under the train,
An' how in the end it cost us the loss o' Mary Jane;
An' now, to finish the story, — atween just you and I, —
If I'm not grandfather yet, I may be by an' by.

DAVID HILL.

PADDY O'RAFTHER.

PADDY, in want of a dinner one day,
Credit all gone, and no money to pay,
Stole from a priest a fat pullet, they say,
And went to confession just afther.
"Your riv'rince," says Paddy, "I stole a fat hen."
"What, what!" says the priest, "at your owld thricks again?
Faith, you'd rather be staalin' than sayin' *amen*,
Paddy O'Rafther!"

"Sure you wouldn't be angry," says Pat, "if you knew
That the best of intintions I had in my view;
For I stole it to make it a present to you,
And you can absolve me afther."
"Do you think," says the priest, "I'd partake of your theft?
Of your seven small senses you must be bereft:
You're the biggest blackguard that I know, right or left,
Paddy O'Rafther."

"Then what shall I do with the pullet," says Pat,
"If your riv'rince won't take it? By this and by that,
I don't know no more than a dog or a cat
What your riv'rince would have me be afther."
"Why, then," says his rev'rence, "you sin-blinded owl,
Give back to the man that you stole from, his fowl;
For, if you do not, 'twill be worse for your sowl,
Paddy O'Rafther."

Says Paddy, "I asked him to take it — 'tis thrue
As this minit I'm talkin', your riv'rince, to you;
But he wouldn't resaive it, so what can I do?"
Says Paddy, nigh chokin' with laughther.
"By my throth," says the priest, "but the case is absthruse:
If he won't take his hen, why, the man is a goose.
'Tis not the first time my advice was no use,
Paddy O'Rafther.

"But, for sake of your sowl, I would sthrongly advise
To some one in want you would give your supplies, —
Some widow or orphan, with tears in their eyes;
And *then* you may come to *me* afther."
So Paddy went off to the brisk Widow Hoy;
And the pullet, between them, was eaten with joy.
And, says she, "'Pon my word, you're the cleverest boy,
Paddy O'Rafther."

Then Paddy went back to the priest the next day,
And told him the fowl he had given away
To a poor lonely widow, in want and dismay,
The loss of her spouse weeping afther.
"Well, now," says the priest, "I'll absolve you, my lad,
For repentantly making the best of the bad,
In feeding the hungry and cheering the sad,
Paddy O'Rafther."

SAMUEL LOVER.

THE FIREMAN'S PRAYER.

It was in the gray of the early morning, in the season of Lent. Broad Street, from Fort Hill to State Street, was crowded with hastening worshippers, attendants on early mass. Maidens, matrons, boys, and men jostled and hurried on toward the churches: some with countenances sincerely sad, others with apparent attempts to appear in accord with the sombre season; while many thoughtless and careless ones joked and chatted, laughed and scuffled along in the hurrying multitude. Suddenly a passer-by noticed tiny wreaths and puffs of smoke starting from the shingles of the roof upon a large warehouse. The great structure stood upon the corner, silent, bolted, and tenantless; and all the windows, save a small round light in the upper story, were closely and securely covered with heavy shutters. Scarcely had the smoke been seen by one, when others of the crowd looked up in the same direction, and detected the unusual occurrence. Then others joined them, and still others followed, until a swelling multitude gazed upward to the roof over which the smoke soon hung like a fog; while from eaves and shutter of the upper story little jets of black smoke burst suddenly out into the clear morning air. Then came a flash, like the lightning's glare, through the frame of the little gable window, and then another, brighter, ghastlier, and more prolonged. "Fire!" "Fire!" screamed the throng, as, moved by a single impulse, they pointed with excited gestures toward the window. Quicker than the time it takes to tell, the cry reached the corner, and was flashed on messenger wires to tower and steeple, engine and hose house, over the then half-sleeping city. Great bells with ponderous tongues repeated the cry with logy strokes, little bells with sharp and spiteful clicks recited the news; while half-conscious firemen, watching through the long night, leaped upon engines and hose-carriages, and rattled into the street.

Soon the roof of the burning warehouse was drenched with floods of water, poured upon it from the hose of many engines; while the surging multitude in Broad Street had grown to thousands of excited spectators. The engines puffed and hooted, the engineers shouted, the hook-and-ladder boys clambered upon roof and cornice, shattered the shutters, and burst in the doors, making way for the rescuers

of merchandise, and for the surging nozzles of available hose-pipes. But the wooden structure was a seething furnace throughout all its upper portion; while water and ventilation seemed only to increase its power and fury.

"Come down! Come down! Off that roof! Come out of that building!" shouted an excited man in the crowd, struggling with all his power in the meshes of the solid mass of men, women, and children in the street. "Come down! For God's sake, come down! The rear store is filled with barrels of powder!"

"Powder! Powder!" screamed the engineer through his trumpet. "Powder!" shouted the hosemen. "Powder!" called the brave boys on roof and cornice. "Powder!" answered the trumpet of the chief. "Powder!" "Powder!" "Powder!" echoed the men in the burning pile; and from ladder, casement, window, roof, and cornice, leaped terrified firemen with pale faces and terror-stricken limbs.

"Push back the crowd!" shouted the engineer. "Run for your lives! Run! Run! Run!" roared the trumpets of the engineers.

But, alas! the crowd was dense, and spread so far through cross streets and alleys, that away on the outskirts, through the shouts of men, the whistling of the engines, and the roar of the heaven-piercing flames, the orders could not be heard. The frantic beings in front, understanding their danger, pressed wildly back. The firemen pushed their engines and their carriages against the breasts of the crowd; but the throng moved not. So densely packed was street and square, and so various and deafening the noises, that the army of excited spectators in the rear still pressed forward with irresistible force, unconscious of danger, and regarding any outcry as a mere ruse to disperse them for convenience' sake. The great mass swayed and heaved like the waves of the sea; but beyond the terrible surging of those in front, whose heart-rending screams half drowned the whistles, there was no sign of retreat. As far as one could see, the streets were crowded with living human flesh and blood.

"My God! My God!" said the engineer in despair. "What can be done? Lord have mercy on us all! What can be done?

"What can be done? I'll tell you what can be done," said one of Boston's firemen, whose hair was not yet sprinkled with gray. "Yes, *bring out* that powder! And I'm the man to do it. Better one man perish than perish

all. Follow me with the water, and, if God lets me live long enough, I'll have it out."

Perhaps, as the hero rushed into the burning pile, into a darkness of smoke and a withering heat, he thought of the wife and children at home, of the cheeks he had kissed in the evening, of the cheerful good-by of the prattling ones, and the laugh as he gave the "last tag;" for, as he rushed from the hoseman who tied the handkerchief over his mouth, he muttered, "God care for my little ones when I am gone." Away up through smoke and flame and cloud to the heights of heaven's throne, ascended that prayer, "God care for my little ones when I am gone," and the mighty Father and the loving Son heard the fireman's petition.

Into the flame of the rear store rushed the hero, and, groping to the barrels, rolled them speedily into the alley, where surged the stream from the engines; rushing back and forth with power superhuman, in the deepest smoke, when even the hoops which bound the powder-barrels had already parted with fire, and while deadly harpoons loaded to pierce the whales of the Arctic seas began to explode, and while iron darts flashed by him in all directions, penetrating the walls and piercing the adjacent buildings. But as if his heroic soul was an armor-proof, or a charm impenetrable, neither harpoon nor bomb, crumbling timbers, nor showers of flaming brands, did him aught of injury, beyond the scorching of his hair and eyebrows, and the blistering of his hands and face. 'Twas a heroic deed. Did ever field of battle, wreck, or martyrdom, show a braver? No act in all the list of song and story, no self-sacrifice in the history of the rise and fall of empires, was nobler than that, save one, and then the Son of God himself hung bleeding on the cross.

RUSSELL H. CONWELL.

DOWN WITH THE HEATHEN CHINEE!

FAITH, this country will go to the devil,
'Tis plain for a blind man to see:
We have fallen on days that are evil,
All because of the Heathen Chinee,
With his queer wooden shoes and his pigtail,
And his thrift, and his economee.
Bad luck to the Heathen Chinee!

Just think of a fellow who labors
All day with his washee, washee,
Who lives upon just next to nothing,
And never goes out on a spree!
Not a tramp nor a beggar among them,
And never a pauper we see.
Oh, murder that Heathen Chinee!

Don't talk of this refuge of nations,
The home of the brave and the free:
'Tis true we take all sorts of people
Excepting the Heathen Chinee.
Tipperary is welcome forever,
And beer-drinking old Germanee,
But out with the Heathen Chinee!

You may search in the jails and poorhouses,
And folks of all nations you see,
And their uncles, their aunts, and their cousins,
But never a one from Chinee.
Oh, the country will go to the devil, —
This glorious land of the free, —
Just because of the Heathen Chinee!

What's the good of a rat-eating stranger
Who won't drink either rum or whiskee?
Who ever saw him in a caucus, —
This home-keeping Heathen Chinee?
You can't put him up for an office;
He can't keep a corner groc'ree:
Faith, he'll ruin this land of the free!

Worse than all, when he comes for to peg out,
Not even his carcass leaves he
To the land where he made all his money;
But his body he ships o'er the sea,
Thus robbing the land of the free
Of his copper-skinned carcass, the miser!
The close-fisted Heathen Chinee!

Let us go for the Mongol, my brothers!
Rouse up the fierce Democracee.
There are none of them drunkards or loafers,
So we're down on the Heathen Chinee.

Hurrah for the home of the free, —
The refuge where all find safetee
Excepting the Heathen Chinee!

Don't talk of the honor of treaties,
Of insulting the great embassee!
Can't we do as we like in this country?
Just wait a bit, boys, and you'll see
How to run out the Heathen Chinee, —
The almond-eyed washee, washee!
Bah! a snap for your Chinese treatee!

New York Sun.

JOHN CHINAMAN'S PROTEST.

Melican man no wantee John Chinaman ally mo':
He no slay, "John, you velly good washee."
Not muchee: he slay, "John, I wipee flo'
Withee you if mo' comee this countlee."
What fo'
Melican man
No wantee
John Chinaman
Ally mo'?

John Chinaman he no gettee dlunk heap:
He mind his own washee, washee,
Alle dayee long, and takee sleep,
Boil watel fo' — wat you call him? — oh, hashee!
What fo'
Melican man
No wantee
John Chinaman
Ally mo'?

John Chinaman he no punchee head much;
He no, like Melican man, say "Hellee!"
He usee sloap, watel, sclubbin'-blush,
Ebly dayee to help fillee bellee.
What fo'
Melican man
No wantee
John Chinaman
Ally mo'?

John Chinaman he vellee pool man;
He no have timee to fool away;
He workee allee dayee fast he can:
He no workee, he no gettee pay.
What fo'
Melican man
No wantee
John Chinaman
Ally mo'?

John Chinaman no loafee lound the sleets;
He workee hald fo' makee livin':
He washee collals, shirtee, cuffee, sheets;
He do no beggin' or no t'iefin.
What fo'
Melican man
No wantee
John Chinaman
Ally mo'?

John Chinaman he havee no votee:
Is that leason why he no wantee here?
He no go lound 'lection day, and shoutee,
Fightee evelybody, smokee cigal, or dlink beer.
What fo'
Melican man
No wantee
John Chinaman
Ally mo'?

M. F. D.

THE SWEET SINGER OF MICHIGAN.

(A PRESS CRITIQUE.)

THIS is the bold caption upon a grain of sand blown from the Great Sahara of Letters, that falls timidly into our hands for review. Or possibly its trembling is caused by the cold weather, for it has only a paper cover. It is a large title and a small book, — a rose on a chickweed stalk; and below the caption appears the face of the author, — a woman! — sufficient to extract sympathy, "root and all," from even the stone man of the West that P. T. B. wants to bring East with him. Below the picture is an introductory note. It says: —

"DEAR FRIENDS, — This little book is composed of truthful pieces. All those which speak of being killed, died, or drowned, are truthful songs; others are more truth than poetry. They are all composed by the author.

JULIA A. MOORE."

Such a letter is not often found. So short! so comprehensive! The songs will be truthful; more especially those which speak of being killed, being died, or being drowned, are distinguished for veracity. Here is a mystery: dye was never yet charged with honesty; it lives upon its lie. Yet the songs which speak of being died are the truth Italicized. The rest — those not particularly truthful — are more truth than poetry. An anomaly! a truth which is not a truth is more truth than poetry which *is* poetry. Hence it is neither poetry nor truth, while being strictly truthful poetry. There is an underground, or elevated train of thought there, incomprehensible. Ben Jonson never intended such complexity when he gave birth to this sentence: it was at a dinner-party, where each was to originate a couplet. Ben Jonson's partner said to the host, "I, Joel Ister, Kissed your sister;" and Ben the bungler, struck by the applause, said at once, "I, Ben Jonson, Kissed your wife." — "Ah, Ben!" replied the host, "that is not poetry." — "I grant you," returned the invincible, "it is more truth than poetry." That is a simple statement easy to believe; but Julia's poetry is unique, — as unique as is the sworn fact that the author is also the composer. In the opening — nondescript — she speaks of her childhood days with unblushing modesty.

"My childhood days were happy,
And it fills my heart with woe
To muse o'er the days that have passed by,
And the scenes of long ago.
In the days of my early childhood
Kent County was quite wild;
Especially the towns I lived in
When I was a little child.
I had two little sisters,
And a brother that made three;
And dear mother being sickly,
Their care it fell on me."

Query: How came that little brother to make three little sisters? Was it one of the peculiarities of that especially wild country he lived in?

"My home was in a wilderness,
With tall forest trees abound.
It was four miles from a village
Or any other town."

. . . . . .

"And now, kind friends, what I have wrote,
I hope you will pass o'er,
And not criticise me as some have done
Hitherto herebefore."

In which complexly beautiful combination something is yet lacking. Perhaps it is the precautionary formula, "Immediately, quick before soon, if not previously afterwards."

"Ah, my mother, how I love her!
Though her hair is growing grey."

But enough! Such pungent, childlike affection, in spite of the "signs of righteousness" and the "crown of glory," is worthy a sweet singer.

Her parents were too poor to give her clothes. She bravely says, —

"It may be better so, for I do not think fine clothes
Make a person any better than they are."

Leaving one to doubt whether clothes or person is referred to.

"Let hearts and hands united be
To beat the wide creation."

Alas, poor creation! What a mangled, bloody mass those united hands and hearts must have left after their beating!

In a doleful song of John Robinson, to be sung to the tune of "The Drunkard," she states: —

"His father and mother being dead,
Left him an orphan boy," —

another peculiarity in Kent County. John left his brother's house, and went to San Francisco for his health; but ran short of money, and wrote for some more to come home and die with. The money not coming forthwith, he started without it.

"For he was sick, and very bad,
Poor boy! he thought, no doubt,
If he came home in a smoking-car
His money would hold out.
He started to come home alone,
He came one-third the way;
One evening in the car alone,
His spirit fled away."

Two doleful mistakes: the boy should have known that smoking-cars are expensive places; nor should he have left his spirit alone in one of them. Any well-organized spirit would "go off mad" under such treatment.

Five brave Page boys, in calendarical order, from the eldest downward, went to war. The youngest was Enos.

"In the Eighth Michigan Cavalry
This boy he did enlist:
His life was almost despaired of,
On account of numerous fits."

This is to be sung to the tune of "The Fierce Discharge." A temperance song to the tune of "Perhaps," begins, —

"Some enterprising people
In our cities and towns
Have gone to organizing clubs
Of men that's fallen down."

This would appear to be a feat similar to that of one Moses, of olden time, before the high throne of Egypt; only that he organized his club of a *serpent* that had fallen down.

A shocking case is beautifully wrought into nondescript, concerning Hiram Helsel — a suggestive name: —

"He was a very small boy of his age,
For when he was five years old
Was shocked by lightning while out at play:
It caused him not to grow."

A boy in Kent County should not be allowed to play during a thunder-storm if he is going to be shocked in that way.

"His parents parted when he was small,
And both were married again,"—

The Michigan law on divorce notwithstanding to the contrary.

"How sad it was for them to meet,
And view his last remain,
He was living with his father then,
As many a friend can tell;
'Tis said of his father's second wife,
That she did not treat him well.
Now he is gone, oh, let him rest!
His soul has found a haven,
For grief and woe ne'er enter there,
In that place called heaven."

On the whole, it may be the wisest plan to "oh, let him rest!" for such a shocking restlessness with the nomenclature of the blest abode of the small Hiram is enough to drive any one from an idea of disturbing his "last remain."

In a poem on William Upson, to the air of "The Major's Only Son," she opens fire with:—

"Come all good people far and near,
Oh! come and see what you can hear."

This is either an ingenious dupe, or the "Sweet Singer" has discovered an optical telephone calculated to send Professor Graham's little box higher than a kite. William went to war, and died.

"It would have relieved his mother's heart
To have seen her son from this world depart."

A body was brought home, but the joy of identification refused the bereft mother.

"She does not know it was her son,
For the coffin could not be opened,"

— "undone" would have been a better word, —

> "It might be some one in his place,
> She could not see his noble face."

Whom she suspects of such a heartless joke on a sorrowing mother, she does not disclose.

Of a dying sweetheart she sings, to "Saphrona's Farewell," —

> "She left her true love, one whom she could trust,
> To moulder her fair form awhile in the dust."

If she were already fair, what moulding did she need? It was a great mistake to suppose that because her Maker used dust in the composition of her ancestors, that she could make herself more acceptable to her lover by leaving him to mould-her awhile in the dust; and what right had he to mould-her any way? Beggars should not be choosers.

Julia is particularly truthful in a malediction upon Chicago in the following: —

> "They once did live in Edgerton,
> They once did live in Muskegon,
> From there they went to Chicago,
> Which proved their fatal overthrow.
> The small-pox then was raging there,
> And, oh! it would not their house spare,
> For all but one was sick of them,
> A dreadful house it must have been."

One would almost wonder that there was a single one that was not sick of them.

She dwells with much admiration upon the centennial celebration in Grand Rapids: —

> "The Centennial arch on Campau Place,
> Was the most principle feature,
> It was grand and beautiful
> To all sensitive human creature.
> A cabin was built too, I believe,
> That nicely represented
> One that the traders built years ago,
> This was the only one invented."

That is a lie! but not being killed, died, or drowned, accounts for it.

The grandest strain with which she diverts herself is upon

> "The fate of Mr. P. P. Bliss and wife,
> And also others that lost their life," —

— to the music of "Gently Down the Stream of Time." The closing verse is peculiar for its omnithic spontaneity: —

> "Destruction lay on every side,
> Confusion, fire, and despair,
> No help, no hope, so they died,
> Two hundred people over there.
> Many ties were there broken,
> Many hearts were filled with pain,
> Each one left a little token,
> For above they live again."

Query: In the midst of this grandeur of deep thought, in such harmonious fulness wrought, she has sadly neglected one point. "Many ties were broken." Now, if so, how many? Up above every broken tie has left a little token. What token? Was it to be found among the sleepers, or are there to be railroad-ties in that place called heaven?

But Julia, farewell! Christmas is too near to linger longer in your charms.

The Michigander — or more properly the Michi-goose — has surely made her mark in the literary world. She has presented a collection, the like of which never tested the strength of type before. It is of multitudinous merit; well calculated to lift the broken heart, though unmercifully shattered; rare food for a lunatic; incalculably good as an encouragement to the young aspirant. Take heart! Julia is an authoress; go thou, and do likewise. The price of the book, paper cover, is twenty-five cents. The publisher promises that if he makes money enough to warrant it, upon the sale, he will send a donation to the Washington Monument.

TEN YEARS AFTER.

"THERE is the house with its gables brown,
And the well-sweep high beyond," said he,
"And the doves on the dormers fluttering down,
And the bee-hives, just as it used to be.
And out in the garden I can see,
Among the lilies and tulips there,
The form of a woman, — surely she!
Who else had ever such yellow hair?
And now she is turning this way," said he.

"Good morning, madam! the air is warm
For the early part of May," said he.
"The hills up yonder are brewing a storm
With wind and thunder, it seems to me;
But I am a stranger, as you may see,
And little know of the country here;
I look for a friend who used to be,
If I remember, a dweller near:
Charley Norris his name," said he.

"Charley Norris? He went away
Ten summers ago, at least," said she,
"And never a word, since that luckless day,
To tell of his life or his death, have we.
Some eyes, I know, would be fain to see
Poor Charley come over the hills again:
Though that is but little like to be;
For sharp was the trouble that turned his brain,
And all for the face of a girl," said she.

"Ah, there is a story the world knows well! —
The story of love and wrong," said he;
"And something like that would Charley tell,
But never would make it clear, you see.
He loved a girl, — so he said to me, —
With eyes as blue as the flag-flowers there,
Cheeks like the bloom on that apple-tree,
And long, loose ringlets of yellow hair, —
The prettiest girl in the town," said he.

"Well, as for beauty I cannot say,
For I never have seen her face," said she,
"But this I have heard, — that since that day
She has not been what she used to be.
'Twas the folly of girlhood gay and free
That set her smiling on other men;
And then he left her, to follow the sea,
After a quarrel and curse, and then" —
"Why, then she married his rival," said he.

"Married his rival? He must have known
She never would marry at all," said she.
"Through all these years she has lived alone
With her bees and her doves and her flowers, like me.
And Charley, her runaway sweetheart, he" —
"O Mary! he has been faithful too;
'Tis Charley, my darling, don't you see,
Come over the hills for love of you?
And don't you know me again?" said he.

"Know you again? At a single look
I knew your eyes and your smile," said she.
"And the tone of your voice, when it fell and shook,
Did you think that accent would puzzle me?
You were too eager by half, you see.
But come to the house, it threatens rain,
Just as you said it was like to be.
O Charley! to think you are back again,
And the ten years' parting over!" said she.

KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

PUTTY AND VARNISH.

WHEN a man cums tew the konklusion that he would like to kill sumboddy at thirty paces, he imagines that he haz been wronged, and sends hiz best friend a challenge tew fite a dewell; tha meet, and an elegant murder iz committed; the cracks in this transaktion are puttyed up, and then varnished over, bi being kalled "*an affair ov honnor.*" When a man robs a saving bank, or goes tew urope on the

last steamer, with the stolen reseipts ov a sanitary kommittee in his pocket, a kommittee ov investigashun are got together tew examine the stait ov affairs, and unanimously report "*a diskrepansy in hiz akounts.*" 2 young men hire a hoss and buggy at a livri stable, and go into the kuntry on Sunda. Tha stop at the fust tavern tha meet, and invest in sum ardent speerits. Tha stop agin pretty soon, and histe in sum more ardent speerits. The more tha histe in, the more tha drive, till bi and bi a devilish bridge tips them over into a devilish gutter that sumboddy haz left bi the side ov the road, and they are awl killed, including the hoss and buggy. This is kalled a "*fatal acksident.*" A man and hiz wife are living in the middle of joy and consolashun, tha are surrounded on awl sides by a yung and interesting familee; their bread is cut thin, and buttered on both sides and the edges; but the destroyer enters the family: the wife wants a nu silk gown; the man sez he "be hanged if she duz," and she, "be hanged if she don't." One word brings on another, tell tha fite, both ov them lose awl the hair in their heds. and 2 full setts ov false teeth, the thing ends in a divorse, the man runs awa tew Australia bi the overland route, the woman marry's a cirkus-rider at 40 dollars a month, the children are adopted bi sum sunda-school, and are brought up on homopathy. This furnishes a collum and a half in the nusepaper, under the hed ov "*Disturbanse of the married relation.*" A youth ov 21 summers begins life with 36 thousand dollars. Several fast hosses belong tew him, there is several fast wimmin that he belongs tew; awl the tavern keepers are hiz patrons, faro banks are bilt for hiz amuzement, consolidated lotterys are chartered on purpiss tew make him happee; nothing iz left undun tew make him feel good. He wakes up about the 25th of next May without a dollar in hiz pocket, and a host ov warm friends on hiz hands, without enny visible means ov supporting them. He takes an akount ov stock, he buys a pint ov rum and 4 yards ov bed kord, the one makes him limber, while the other makes him stiff. The putty and varnish in this kase iz, "*Driven tew desperashun on akount of finanshul preshure.*" A rale rode trane stands snortin front ov the depoe, the last bel iz ringing, the kars are full ov souls that belong tew different individuals; the konducktor iz full of Bourbon; the engineer labors under an attack ov Jamaka for the bronketis; the switchmen likes a leetle good old

rye; the kars diskount 45 miles a hour, 2 trains tri tew pass each other on the same track; it kant be did suckcessfully; the mangled and ded are kounted by skores; a searching investigashun takes place, the community iz satisfied bekause it waz "*an unavoidable katastrophe.*"

JOSH BILLINGS.

NATIONALITY.

IF you would contemplate nationality as an active virtue, look around you. Is not our own history one witness and one record of what it can do? This day,[1] and all which it stands for, — did it not give us these? This glory of the fields of that war, this eloquence of that revolution, this one wide sheet of flame which wrapped tyrant and tyranny, and swept all that escaped from it away, forever and forever, the courage to fight, to retreat, to rally, to advance, to guard the young flag by the young arm and the young heart's blood, to hold up and hold on till the magnificent consummation crowned the work, — were not all these imparted as inspired by this imperial sentiment? Has it not here begun the master-work of man, — the creation of a national life? Did it not call out that prodigious development of wisdom, the wisdom of constructiveness, which illustrated the years after the war, and the framing and adopting of the Constitution? Has it not, in the general, contributed to the administering of that government wisely and well since? Look at it! It has kindled us to no aims of conquest; it has involved us in no entangling alliances; it has kept our neutrality dignified and just; the victories of peace have been our prized victories, but the larger and truer grandeur of the nations, for which they are created, and for which they must one day, before some tribunal, give account, — what a measure of these it has enabled us already to fulfil! It has lifted us to the throne, and has set on our brow the name of the great republic; it has taught us to demand nothing wrong, and to submit to nothing wrong; it has made our diplomacy sagacious, wary, and accomplished; it has opened the iron gate of the mountain, and planted our ensign on the great tranquil sea; it has made the desert to blossom as the rose; it has quickened to life the giant

[1] Fourth of July.

brood of useful arts; it has whitened lake and ocean with the sails of a daring, new, and lawful trade; it has extended to exiles, flying as clouds, the asylum of our better liberty; it has scattered the seeds of liberty, under law and under order, broadcast; it has seen and helped American feeling to swell into a fuller flood; from many a field and many a deck, though it seeks not war and fears not war, it has borne the radiant flag all unstained; it has opened our age of lettered glory; it has opened and honored the age of the industry of the people. RUFUS CHOATE.

TACKING SHIP OFF SHORE.

THE weather-leech of the topsail shivers;
The bow-lines strain, and the lee-shrouds slacken;
The braces are taut, the lithe boom quivers,
And the waves with the coming squall-cloud blacken.

Open one point on the weather-bow.
Is the lighthouse tall on Fire Island Head?
There's a shade of doubt on the captain's brow,
And the pilot watches the heaving lead.

I stand at the wheel; and with eager eye,
To sea and to sky and to shore, I gaze,
Till the muttered order of "*Full and by!*"
Is suddenly changed for "*Full for stays!*"

The ship bends lower before the breeze,
As her broadside fair to the blast she lays;
And she swifter springs to the rising seas,
As the pilot calls, "*Stand by for stays!*"

It is silence all, as each in his place,
With the gathered coil in his hardened hands,
By tack and bow-line, by sheet and brace,
Waiting the watchword, impatient stands.

And the light on Fire Island Head draws near,
As, trumpet-winged, the pilot's shout,
From his post on the bowsprit's heel, I hear,
With the welcome call of "*Ready! About!*"

No time to spare! It is touch and go;
And the captain growls, "Down helm! hard down!"
As my weight on the whirling spokes I throw,
While heaven grows black with the storm-cloud's frown.

High o'er the knight-heads flies the spray,
As we meet the shock of the plunging sea;
And my shoulder stiff to the wheel I lay,
As I answer, "*Ay, ay, sir! Ha-a-rd a lee!*"

With the swerving leap of a startled steed
The ship flies fast in the eye of the wind;
The dangerous shoals on the lee recede,
And the headland white we have left behind.

The topsails flutter, the jibs collapse,
And belly and tug at the groaning cleats;
The spanker slats, and the mainsail flaps;
And thunders the order, "*Tacks and sheets!*"

'Mid the rattle of blocks and the tramp of the crew,
Hisses the rain of the rushing squall:
The sails are aback from clew to clew,
And now is the moment for "*Mainsail haul!*"

And the heavy yards, like a baby's toy,
By fifty strong arms are swiftly swung:
She holds her way, and I look with joy
For the first white spray o'er the bulwarks flung.

"*Let go, and haul!*" 'Tis the last command,
And the head-sails fill to the blast once more:
Astern and to leeward lies the land,
With its breakers white on the shingly shore.

What matters the reef, or the rain, or the squall?
I steady the helm for the open sea;
The first mate clamors, "Belay there, all!"
And the captain's breath once more comes free.

And so off shore let the good ship fly;
Little care I how the gusts may blow:
In my fo'castle bunk, in a jacket dry,
Eight bells have struck, and my watch is below.

WALTER MITCHEL.

IMMORTALITY.

First of all I think of the immense and noble freedom from many of the most trying and vexatious of our temptations which come to a man to whom the curtain has been lifted, and the veil rent in twain. Let me fancy myself a man who has no vision beyond this world. Let me bow myself down and shut myself in, until all the thought of my life stops short and sharp there at the grave. I am going to work along here till when? Perhaps till to-morrow morning; perhaps till fifty years hence: what matters it? Certainly for a very minute of time, and then it will be all over; what I do I must not only begin, I must finish here and now. All my desires, those deep, deep wishes that are in my soul because I am a man, the desire to accomplish something, the desire to please, the desire to discover and display myself, — all of these good desires, all of them parts of my humanity, — they must all be satisfied before the curtain falls, or they can never find satisfaction, for that falling of the curtain is the end of all. What a coward I become! what a poor, timid, limited, temporary thing! I must attempt nothing so large that I cannot finish it before the sun goes down. I must desire nothing that this life cannot bestow. If I want to please, whom shall I please? Only those cramped and crippled and half-judging men about me, to whom I must degrade myself to win their honor. If I want to make myself known, I must take this crude self which I am now, and hold it up, and make that self known; for it is "now or never," since the end may come at once. How superficial, restless, impatient! What a slave I come to be! Where is my independence? How the world has me down, and treads on me! — treads me into the dust and mire of the present, since I know no future world into which I can lift myself up, and run away. And now, beside me all the time, there is another man, and the difference between him and me is this: that he believes immortality. Somehow he has got hold of the truth of resurrection. To him death is a jar, a break, a deep, mysterious change, but not the end of life. I know that men may claim to believe that, and yet live on like dogs; men may claim to believe that, and yet be slaves and cowards. But this man really believes it; and see what it does for him. See how free it makes him! How it breaks his tyrannies! He can under-

take works of self-culture, or the development of truth, far, far too vast for the earthly life of any Methuselah to finish, and yet smile calmly, and work on when men tell him that he will die before his work is done. Die! Shall not the sculptor sleep a hundred times before the statue he begins to-day is finished; and wake a hundred times more, ready for his work, bringing with a hundred new mornings to his work the strength and the visions that have come to him in his slumber? He can desire to please, and yet be perfectly patient as he waits for a "well done" that will fall on his ears out of Divine lips when this world and its shows are over. He can desire to show himself, and yet live in obscurity content, sure that some day — what does it matter when, to him who has eternity to live in? — God will call him, and bid men see in him the work of love and grace. Can you picture the independence of a man like this? What are my temptations to him? How he walks over them with feet that follow his far-seeing sight, like a man that strides with his firm steps and far-off sight, and never sees the pebble in the path behind which a crawling insect is blocked and hindered! Sometimes when one is travelling through a foreign country, it happens that he stops a day or two, a week or two, in some small village where every thing is local, which has little communication with the outside world; where the people are born and grow up, and grow old and die, without thinking of leaving their little nest among the mountains. The traveller shares for a little while their local life, shuts himself in to their limitations. But all the while he is freer than they are; he is not tyrannized over by the small prescriptions and petty standards that are despots to them. He knows of, and belongs to, a larger world. He is kept free by the sense of the world beyond the mountains, from which he came, and to which he is going back again. And so, when a man strong in the conviction of immortality really counts himself a stranger and a pilgrim among the multitudes who know no home, no world but this, then he is free among them; free from the worldly tyrannies that bind them; free from their temptations to be cowardly and mean. The wall of death, beyond which they never look, is to him only a mountain that can be crossed, from whose top he shall see eternity, where he belongs. This is the freedom of the best childhood and the best old age, these two ends of life in which the sense of immortality is realest and most true. PHILLIPS BROOKS.

MR. COVILLE PROVES MATHEMATICS.

THERE are men who dispute what they do not understand. Mr. Coville is such a man. When he heard a carpenter say that there were so many shingles on the roof of his house, because the roof contained so many square feet, Coville doubted the figures; and, when the carpenter went away, he determined to test the matter by going up on the roof, and counting them. And he went up there. He squeezed through the scuttle, — Coville weighs two hundred and thirty, — and then sat down on the roof, and worked his way carefully and deliberately toward the gutter. When he got part way down, he heard a sound between him and the shingles, and became aware that there was an interference some way in his further locomotion. He tried to turn over, and crawl back; but the obstruction held him. Then he tried to move along a little, in hopes that the trouble would prove but temporary; but an increased sound convinced him that either a nail or a sliver had hold of his cloth, and that, if he would save any of it, he must use caution. His folks were in the house, but he could not make them hear; and, besides, he didn't want to attract the attention of the neighbors. So he sat there until after dark, and thought. It would have been an excellent opportunity to have counted the shingles; but he neglected to use it. His mind appeared to run into other channels. He sat there an hour after dark, seeing no one he could notify of his position. Then he saw two boys approach the gate, from the house, and, reaching there, stop. It was light enough for him to see that one of the two was his son; and, although he objected to having the other boy know of his misfortune, yet he had grown tired of holding on to the roof, and concluded he could bribe the strange boy into silence. With this arrangement mapped out, he took out his knife, and threw it so that it would strike near to the boys, and attract their attention. It struck nearer than he anticipated: in fact, it struck so close as to hit the strange boy on the head, and nearly brain him. As soon as he recovered his equilibrium, he turned on Coville's boy, who, he was confident, had attempted to kill him, and introduced some astonishment and bruises into his face. Then he threw him down, and kicked him in the side, and banged him on

the head, and drew him over into the gutter, and pounded his legs; and then hauled him back to the walk again, and knocked his head against the gate. And, all the while, the elder Coville sat on the roof, and screamed for the police, but couldn't get away. And then Mrs. Coville dashed out with a broom, and contributed a few novel features to the affair at the gate; and one of the boarders dashed out with a double-barrel gun, and, hearing the cries from the roof, looked up there, and, espying a figure which was undoubtedly a burglar, drove a handful of shot into its legs. With a howl of agony, Coville made a plunge to dodge the missiles, freed himself from the nail, lost his hold to the roof, and went sailing down the shingles with awful velocity, both legs spread out, his hair on end, and his hands making desperate but fruitless efforts to save himself. He tried to swear, but was so frightened that he lost his power of speech; and when he passed over the edge of the roof, with twenty feet of tin gutter hitched to him, the boarder gave him the contents of the other barrel, and then drove into the house to load up again. The unfortunate Coville struck into a cherry-tree, and thence bounded to the ground, where he was recognized, picked up by the assembled neighbors, and carried into the house. A new doctor is making good day wages picking the shot out of his legs. The boarder has gone into the country to spend the summer; and the junior Coville, having sequestered a piece of brick in his handkerchief, is lying low for that other boy. He says, that, before the calm of another sabbath rests on New England, there will be another boy in Danbury who can't wear a cap.

J. M. Bailey.

BLIND NED.

Who is dat 'ar a-playin'? Shucks! I wish I wuzn't blin';
But when de Lord he tuk my eyes, he lef' my yeahs behin'.
Is dat you, Mahs'r Bob? I t'ought I reco'nized your bowin';
I said I knowed 'twas you, soon's I heerd de fiddle goin'.

Sho! dat ain't right — jes' le' me show you how to play dat tune —
I feel like I could make de fiddle talk dis afternoon.
Now, don't you see that counter's jes' a leetle bit too high?
Well, nebber min' — I guess you'll learn to tune her by an' by.

You's jes' like all musicianers dat learns to play by note;
You ain't got music in you, so you has to hab it wrote:
Now dat ain't science: why de debbil don't you play by yeah?
For dat's de onlies' kin' ob music fittin' for to heah.

Do you suppose, when David wuz a-pickin' on de harp,
He ebber knowed de difference atwixt a flat an' sharp?
But any tune you called for, he could pick it all de same;
For David knowed de music, 'dough he didn't know de name.

Now, what shill I begin on? Somfin' lively, fas', an' quick?
Well, sah, jes' pay attention, an' I'll gib you "Cap'n Dick."
Yah, yah! young mahs'r, don't you feel jes' like you want to pat?
You'll hab to practise for a while afore you ekals dat!

Dere ain't nobody round dis place kin play wid Uncle Ned:
Dey isn't got it in deir fingers, ne'der in deir head.
Dat fiddler Bill dey talks about — I heerd him play a piece,
An' I declar' it sounded like a fox among de geese.

A violeen is like an 'ooman; mighty hard to guide,
An' mighty hard to keep in order arter onct it's buyed:
Dere's alluz somefin' 'bout it out ob kelter, more or less,
An' 'tain't de fancies' lookin' ones dat alluz does de bes'.

Dis yere's a splendid inst'ument — I spec it cost a heap:
You ra'ly ought to let me have dis fiddle for to keep.
It ain't no use to you, sah; for, widout it's in de man,
He kain't git music out de fines' fiddle in de lan'.

It 'quires a power ob science for to fiddle, sah, you see;
An' science comes by natur'; dat's de way it is wid me.
But, Lord! dat Bill! It 'muses me to heah him talkin' big:
You never heerd a braggin' fiddler play a decent jig!

Dat Bill, he is a caution, sah! I wonder now whar he
An' oder folks I knows of — yes, I wonder whar'll dey be
In hebben, when de music's playin', an' de angels shout,
If Bill should jine in de chorus, dey would hab to put him out.

Well, good-by, Mahsr'r Bob, sah; when you's nuffin' else to do,
Jes' send for dis ol' darkey, an' he'll come an' play for you;
An' don't gib up your practisin' — you's only sebenteen,
An' maybe when you's ol' as me, you'll play de violeen.

IRWIN RUSSELL, *in Appletons'*.

THE BENEDICTION.

FROM THE FRENCH OF FRANÇOIS COPPEE.

It was in eighteen hundred — yes — and ninė,
That we took Saragossa. What a day
Of untold horrors! I was sergeant then.
The city carried, we laid siege to houses,
All shut up close, and with a treacherous look
Raining down shots upon us from the windows.
"'Tis the priests' doing!" was the word passed round;
So that, although since daybreak under arms, —
Our eyes with powder smarting, and our mouths
Bitter with kissing cartridge-ends, — piff! paff!
Rattled the musketry with ready aim,
If shovel-hat and long black cloak were seen
Flying in the distance. Up a narrow street
My company worked on. I kept an eye
On every house-top right and left, and saw
From many a roof flames suddenly burst forth
Coloring the sky, as from the chimney-tops
Among the forges. Low our fellows stooped,
Entering the low-pitched dens. When they came out,
With bayonets dripping red, their bloody fingers
Signed crosses on the wall; for we were bound

In such a dangerous defile not to leave
Foes lurking in our rear. There was no drum-beat,
No ordered march. Our officers looked grave;
The rank and file uneasy, jogging elbows
As do recruits when flinching.

All at once,
Rounding a corner, we are hailed in French
With cries for help. At double-quick we join
Our hard-pressed comrades. They were grenadiers,
A gallant company, but beaten back
Inglorious from the raised and flag-paved square
Fronting a convent. Twenty stalwart monks
Defended it — black demons with shaved crowns,
The cross in white embroidered on their frocks,
Barefoot, their sleeves tucked up, their only weapons
Enormous crucifixes, so well brandished,
Our men went down before them. By platoons
Firing, we swept the place; in fact, we slaughtered
This terrible group of heroes, no more soul
Being in us than in executioners.

The foul deed done, — deliberately done, —
And the thick smoke rolling away, we noted
Under the huddled masses of the dead
Rivulets of blood run trickling down the steps;
While in the background solemnly the church
Loomed up, its doors wide open. We went in.
It was a desert. Lighted tapers starred
The inner gloom with points of gold. The incense
Gave out its perfume. At the upper end,
Turned to the altar as though unconcerned
In the fierce battle that had raged, a priest,
White-haired and tall of stature, to a close
Was bringing tranquilly the mass. So stamped
Upon my memory is that thrilling scene,
That, as I speak, it comes before me now, —
The convent built in old time by the Moors;
The huge brown corpses of the monks; the sun
Making the red blood on the pavement steam;
And there, framed in by the low porch, the priest;
And there the altar brilliant as a shrine;
And here ourselves, all halting, hesitating,
Almost afraid.

I, *certes*, in those days
Was a confirmed blasphemer. 'Tis on record
That once, by way of sacrilegious joke,
A chapel being sacked, I lit my pipe
At a wax candle burning on the altar.
This time, however, I was awed — so blanched
Was that old man.

"Shoot him!" our captain cried.
Not a soul budged. The priest, beyond all doubt,
Heard; but as though he heard not. Turning round,
He faced us, with the elevated host,
Having that period of the service reached
When on the faithful benediction falls.
His lifted arms seemed as the spread of wings;
And as he raised the pyx, and in the air
With it described the cross, each man of us
Fell back, aware the priest no more was trembling
Than if before him the devout were ranged.
But when, intoned with clear and mellow voice,
The words came to us,
"*Vos benedicat*
Deus Omnipotens!"
The captain's order
Rang out again, and sharply, "Shoot him down,
Or I shall swear!" Then one of ours, a dastard,
Levelled his gun, and fired. Upstanding still,
The priest changed color, though with steadfast look
Set upwards, and indomitably stern.
"*Pater et Filius!*"
Came the words. What frenzy,
What maddening thirst for blood, sent from our ranks
Another shot, I know not; but 'twas done.

The monk, with one hand on the altar's ledge,
Held himself up; and, strenuous to complete
His benediction, in the other raised
The consecrated host. For the third time
Tracing in air the symbol of forgiveness,
With eyes closed, and in tones exceeding low,
But in the general hush distinctly heard,
"*Et Sanctus Spiritus!*"
He said; and, ending
His service, fell down dead.

The golden pyx
Rolled bounding on the floor. Then, as we stood,
Even the old troopers, with our muskets grounded,
And choking horror in our hearts, at sight
Of such a shameless murder, and at sight
Of such a martyr, with a chuckling laugh,
"*Amen!*"
Drawled out a drummer-boy.

Macmillan's Magazine.

"CONQUERED AT LAST."

Some time ago "The Mobile Evening News" offered a prize for the poem, by a Southern writer, which should be judged most meritorious, "expressive of the gratitude of the Southern heart toward the people of the North for the philanthropy and magnanimity so freely and nobly displayed in the time of the dire affliction of the South by pestilence." There were seventy-seven competitors, widely scattered; and their work was carefully examined by a competent committee, who decided that a poem entitled "Conquered at Last," by Miss Maria L. Eve of Augusta, Ga., though it was rough in construction, yet for its brevity, directness, spirit, and force, most truly represented the real sentiment of the Southern people. The following is the poem: —

You came to us once, O brothers! in wrath,
And rude desolation followed your path.

You conquered us then, but only in part,
For a stubborn thing is the human heart.

So the mad wind blows in his might and main,
And the forests bend to his breath like grain;

Their heads in the dust, and their branches broke;
But how shall he soften their hearts of oak?

You swept o'er our land like the whirlwind's wing,
But the human heart is a stubborn thing.

We laid down our arms, we yielded our will;
But our "heart of hearts" was unconquered still.

"We are vanquished," we said, "but our wounds must heal;"
We gave you our swords, but our hearts were steel.

"We are conquered," we said, but our hearts were sore,
And "woe to the conquered," on every door.

But the spoiler came, and he would not spare:
The angel that walketh in darkness was there.

He walked through the valley, walked through the street,
And he left the print of his fiery feet

In the dead, dead, dead, that were everywhere,
And buried away with never a prayer.

From the desolate land, from its very heart,
There went forth a cry to the uttermost part.

You heard it, O brothers! With never a measure
You opened your hearts, and poured out your treasure.

O Sisters of Mercy, you gave above these!
For you helped, we know, on your bended knees.

Your pity was human, but, oh! it was more,
When you shared our cross, and our burden bore.

Your lives in your hands, you stood by our side;
Your lives for our lives you laid down, and died.

And no greater love hath a man to give,
Than lay down his life that his friends may live.

You poured in our wounds the oil and the wine
That you brought to us from a Hand divine.

You conquered us, brothers; our swords we gave:
We yield now our hearts — they are all we have.

Our last ditch was there, and it held out long:
It is yours, O friends! and you'll find it strong.

Your love had a magic diviner than art;
And "Conquered by kindness," we'll write on our heart.

THE SHIP-BOY'S LETTER.

HERE'S a letter from Robin, father, —
A letter from over the sea.
I was sure that the spark in the wick last night
Meant there was one for me ;
And I laughed to see the postman's face
Look in at the dairy park,
For you said it was so woman-like
To put my trust in a spark.

"Dear father and mother and granny,
I write on the breech of a gun,
And think, as I sit at the porthole,
And look at the setting sun,
Father's chatting away beside you,
While you 'holy-stone' the porch,
Or are getting clean rigging ready
For to-morrow's cruise to church.

"You mustn't be hard on the writing;
For, what with ropes and tar,
My fingers won't crook as they ought to,
And spelling is harder far;
And every minute a lurch comes,
And spoils the looks of my i's;
And I blot 'em instead of dot 'em,
And I can't get my words of a size.

"Tell Bessie I don't forget her;
But every Saturday night,
When were're talking of home in the twilight,
Or our lamps are all alight,
And I'm asked to tell the lass I love,
I name sweet Bessie Green."
(O father, to think of his doing that,
And the monkey scarce fifteen!)

"And, granny, the yarns you spin all day,
In the corner off the door,
Won't be half so long and so tough as mine,
When I see you all ashore.

You maybe won't swallow flying-fish,
But I'll bring you one or two,
And some Maltese lace for topsail gear,
And a fan for — you know who.

"Then good-by to each dear face at home,
Till I press it with my lips,
While you pray each night for 'ships at sea,'
And 'God speed all sea ships!'
I smile as I rock in my hammock,
Through storms may shriek and strain,
For I feel, when we pray for each other,
We're sure to meet again."

AN IRISH LOVE-LETTER.

A SCENE FROM GEORGE M. BAKER'S NEW PLAY (FOR FEMALE CHARACTERS ONLY) IN THREE ACTS, ENTITLED "REBECCA'S TRIUMPH."

Characters: KATY, *an Irish servant*; GYP, *a colored girl*; DORA, *a young lady.*

(*Enter* KATY, *with a letter in her hand.*)

KATY (*turning letter over and over*). An' sure I got a love-lether frum Patsy; an' phat will I do wid it I dunno. I can't rade, and the misthress is away wid the company girls. How will I find out phat's inside it? It's bothered I am intirely.

(*Enter from* L., *through* C *door*, DORA.)

DORA. Ah, Katy! Is it ther yees are? Where's Mrs. Delaine's shawl? I see it. (*Goes towards window* R.)

KATY. If yees plase, Miss Dora, might I be after troubling yees?

DORA (*comes down*). Certainly, Katy. What's the trouble?

KATY. If yees plase, I have a lether.

DORA. From the ould counthry?

KATY. No, indade: it's from — it's from — sure you'll be afther laughin' if I tole yees.

DORA. Then you needn't tell me, Katy: I can guess. It's a love-letter.

KATY. An' who towld yees that?

DORA. Yourself, Katy, by the blushes on your cheeks and the sparkle in your eyes. You want me to read it for you?

KATY. If yees plase, Miss Dora. (*Hands letter.*)

DORA (*opening letter*). I shall learn all your secrets, Katy. Perhaps the young man would not like that.

KATY. Thin yees moight shkip the sacrets.

DORA (*laughs*). All right, Katy. (*Reads.*) "Lovely Katy."

KATY. That's me. Sure that's no sacret.

DORA (*reads*). "I take me pin in hand wid a bating heart, to till yees uv the sthrong wakeniss I have for yees."

KATY. Yees moight shkip that.

DORA (*reads*). "I have nather ate, dhrunk, nor slipt, for a wake."

KATY. Will, that jist accounts for the wakeniss.

DORA (*reads*). "Barrin' my thray males a day, an' me pipe an' tobacyer."

KATY. An' he wid the hearty appetite!

DORA (*reads*). "An' all me slapeliss nights are fill wid drames of yees, Katy mavourneen."

KATY. Sure he's the darlin'.

DORA (*reads*). "I have yees phortygraff nailed to the hid uv me bid; and ivery night, afther I've blown out the candle wid me fingers, I tak a good look at it, an' if ye'll belave me, there's not a dry thread in me eyes."

KATY. Sure he was alwus tinder-hearted.

DORA (*reads*). "If yees don't belave me, tak a good look at yees own face before yees open the lether, and see if I have not cause to wape."

KATY. Sure I ought to have known that before the lether came.

DORA (*reads*). "If yees foind these tinder loins blotted wid tears, it's all owing to the bad quality uv the ink, which has compilled me to pin this wid a pincil."

KATY. That's no mather.

DORA (*reads*). "If yees don't recave this lether, or can't rade it, niver moind; ye'll know that all that's in it is the truth, an' nades nather radin' or writin' to till the same. So name the day, Katy darlin', whin me single blissidniss is to exphire, an' the mathrimoonial noose shlipped over the hid of yees lovin' and consolin' PATSY DOLAN.

"P.S. — These last lines are the poethry uv love.

"SECOND P.S. — To be rid fhirst. I inclose a ring for yees finger, which same yees will find in me nixt lether." That's all, Katy. (*Hands back letter.*)

KATY. It's jist illigant. I'm obleeged to yees.

DORA (*takes shawl from chair*). Quite welcome, Katy. When you get ready to name the day, I'll answer it for you. But be quick, Katy; for the poor fellow will not live long on "only his thray males a day, an' his pipe an' tobacyer." (*Runs off* C. *to* L.)

KATY (*looks at letter*). Sure it's a darlin' lether, an' Patsy Dolan's a broth uv a bye.

Enter R., GYP.

GYP. Ah, dar you is, Katy! Whar's de misses? Whar's Miss Becky? Whar's eberybody?

KATY. In the garden, sure. Yees may coom in, if yees wipe yers fate.

GYP. Yas, indeed! How yer was? And how's Patsy Dolan?

KATY. He's will. I've jist recaved a lether from him.

GYP. Dat so? Dat's good! Lub-letters am bery consolin' to de flutterin' heart. Got a letter, hab you? S'pose you red it frough and frough.

KATY. Sure I can't rade at all, at all.

GYP. Dat so? Well, well! De ignoramance ob de foreign poperlation am distressin'.

KATY. Can you rade?

GYP. Read? What you take me for? How else could I debour de heaps and heaps ob lub-letters dat I constantly receibe from my adorers?

KATY (*aside*). Faith, I'd loike to hear Patsy's lether again. (*Aloud.*) Thin plase rade this for me. (*Hands letter.*)

GYP (*confused*). Wh-wh-what you take me fur? (*Aside.*) Golly! she cotch me den. (*Aloud.*) No, chile: dose tender confections am fur you alone, and dey shouldn't be composed to de world.

KATY. An' sure yees can't rade.

GYP. What's that? Can't read? (*Takes letter, and turns it round several times.*) Berry long letter. Want to hear it all?

KATY. Ivery word.

GYP (*aside*). Mussn't gib in. Spec dase all alike.

(*Aloud.*) Ob course, ob course. (*Pretends to read.*) "Lubliest ob your sexes."

KATY. Sure that's not there.

GYP (*shows letter*). See fur yerself, see fur yerself.

KATY. Go on wid the lether.

GYP. "Sublimest ob de fair sexes, dis am a whale ob tears. Dar ain't no sunshine of moonshine widout you."

KATY. That's not thrue at all, at all.

GYP (*shows letter*). Read it yerself, read yerself.

KATY. Go on wid the lether.

GYP. "De moon on de lake am beamin', de lubly sunflower perfumeries in de garden, de tuneful frogs meliferously warble in de riber, an' de breezes blow fro' de treeses; but my lub, my lub, whar, oh, whar am she?"

KATY. I don't belave —

GYP (*as before*). See fur yerself, see fur yerself!

KATY. Oh, quit yees talkin' an' talkin'. Go on wid the lether.

GYP. "My lub she isn't hansum,
My lub she isn't fair;
But to cook de beef and 'taters
Can't beat her anywhar."

Dat's potry, Katy, dat is; alwus find lots ob dat in lubletters: it gibs dem a flabor.

KATY. I don't belave it's there.

GYP (*as before*). See fur yerself, see fur yerself!

KATY. Go on wid the lether.

GYP. Luf me see, wha was I? "Come rest on dis yere head your aching breast." Dey all got dat, Katy, an' — an' (*aside*), well, I'se jest puzzled fur more: guess we'll hab some more poetry (*aloud*) an' — an' —

"We'll dance all night till broad daylight,
An' go home with de girls in de morning."

KATY. It's no such thing! Yer desavin' me, so yees are! Me Patsy wouldn't go home wid the girls at all, at all.

GYP. See fur yerself, see fur yerself!

KATY (*snatching letter*). So I will. It's false and desateful yees are, for Miss Dora rid the lether, an' — an' — it was jist illegant, so it was; an' it's yersilf, — bad luck to the

loikes ov yees, whin yees can't rade! an' it's the blissid troth I'm tillin', — invintin' a bit uv blarney to make trouble betwane a poor girl an' her Patsy. Away wid yees!

[*Exit door* R.

GYP. Well, I guess she fooled me dat time. No use. Dar's alwus trubble interferin' in lub affairs, jest like domestic affairs: when man and wife am fighting, ef you try to be a messenger ob peace, ef you don't look out, you'll git de broomstick onto yer own head. [*Exit.*

RESERVED POWER.

THIS mule looked like he was a hundred and thirty-eight years old, and was dead standing upon his feet. He was hitched to a pine-bodied spring wagon, with a high dash-board. The "team" was standing on the levee in mute silence, while the old darky who "driv" it went aboard the wharf-boat. A tramp could make a barrel of money selling pictures of that mule, labelled "Patience." His long, flabby ears hung down each side of his head like window-awnings with the rods out of them. His face wore a sober look, while out of his mouth hung a tongue eight inches long. His tail swung down from the rear end of his hurricane roof like a wet rope, while his whole body seemed as motionless as death itself. Presently a red-headed urchin, with an old boot in his hand, walked up in front of him, and, looking into his face, saw that the mule was asleep. He walked around, climbed up into that wagon, leaned over the dash-board, lifted that mule's tail, and let it come down in time to catch a death-grip on that boot-leg. That mule woke up so quick, that he kicked the boy and the dash-board twenty feet into the air. He didn't stop there. He changed the position of his ears, hauled in his tongue, planted his fore-feet and his head between his knees, and from the fore-shoulders to the tip of his trunk was in lively motion; and he didn't look like he was more than two years old, the way he was kicking that old wagon-body into kindling-wood with his heels. He had it all to himself, and was doing fine, when the old darky rushed up the hill, got in front of him, and, grabbing him by each ear,

shouted, "Whoa, I tell you! Wat's de matter wid you? Whoa-up!" and, looking around at the crowd, yelled, "Will some o' yer gemmen git dat ere boot-leg out wile I hole him? kase de waggin's *mine*, an' I jes' *borrowed de mule*." But no one ventured; and when we left, his heels had almost reached the tail-gate, and the old darky was still yelling, "Whoa!"

TALK ABOUT SHOOTING.

THEY had been talking about the remarkable performances of Dr. Carver, the marksman who shoots with a rifle glass balls which are sent into the air as fast as a man can throw them. Presently Abner Byng, who was standing by, said, —

"That's nothing."

"What is nothing?"

"Why, that shooting. Did you ever know Tom Potter?"

"No."

"Well, Potter was the best hand with a rifle I ever saw; beat this man Carver all hollow. I'll tell you what I've seen this man Potter do. You know, maybe, along there in the cherry season Mrs. Potter would want to preserve some cherries; so Tom would pick 'em for her, and how do you think he'd stone 'em?"

"I don't know. How?"

"Why, he'd fill his gun with bird-shot, and get a boy to drop half a bushel of cherries at one time from the roof of the house. As they came down he'd fire, and take the stone clean out of every cherry in the lot! It's a positive fact! He might occasionally miss one, but not often. But he did bigger shooting than that when he wanted to."

"What did he do?"

"Why, Jim Miller — did you know him? No? Well, Tom made a bet once with Jim that he could shoot the button off of his own coat-tail by shooting in the opposite direction, and Jim took him up."

"Did he do it?"

"Do it! He fixed himself in position, and aimed at a tree in front of him. The ball hit the tree, carromed, hit the

corner of a house, carromed, struck a lamp-post, carromed, and flew behind Tom, and nipped the button off as slick as a whistle. You bet he did it!"

"That was fine shooting."

"Yes, but I've seen Tom Potter beat it. I've seen him stand under a flock of wild pigeons, billions of them coming like the wind, and kill 'em so fast that the front of a flock never passed a given line, but turned over and fell down, so that it looked like a kind of brown feathery Niagara. Tom did it by having twenty-three breech-loading rifles, and a boy to load 'em. He always shot with that kind."

"You say you saw him do this sort of shooting?"

"Yes, sir; and better than that, too. Why, I'll tell you what I have seen Tom Potter do. I saw him once set up an India-rubber target at three hundred feet, and hit the bull's-eye twenty-seven times a minute with the same ball! He would hit the target, the ball would bound right back into the rifle-barrel just as Tom had clapped in a fresh charge of powder, and so he kept her a-going backward and forward until at last he happened to move his gun, and the bullet missed the muzzle of the gun. It was the biggest thing I ever saw; the very biggest — except one."

"What was that?"

"Why, one day I was out with him when he was practising, and it came on to rain. Tom didn't want to get wet, and we had no umbrella; and what do you think he did?"

"What?"

"Now, what do you think that man did to keep dry?"

"I can't imagine."

"Well, sir, he got me to load his weapons for him; and I pledge you my word, although it began to rain hard, he hit every drop that came down, so that the ground for about eight feet around us was as dry as punk. It was beautiful, sir, beautiful."

And then the company rose up slowly, and passed out one by one, each man eying Abner, and looking solemn as he went by; and when they had gone Abner looked queerly for a moment, and said to me, —

"There's nothing I hate so much as a liar. Give me a man who is a friend of the solid truth, and I'll tie to him."

THE KING'S KISS.

"How long," he asked, "will you remember this, —
How long?" Then downward bent
His kingly head, and on her lips a kiss
Fell like a flame, a flame that sent
Through each vein
Love's joy and pain:
"How long," he asked, "will you remember this?"

"How long?" She lifted from his breast a cheek
Red with her sacred love.
Yet when her redder lips essayed to speak,
And when her heart did move
To answer grave and sweet,
Somehow a smile unmeet
Broke waywardly across her lips and cheek.

"How long, how long, will I remember this?
Say you," she murmured low;
"Say you," and while she trembled with her bliss,
That smile went to and fro
Across her flashing face,
And hid a graver grace, —
"Say you, how long will you remember this?"

He bent above her in that moment's bliss,
He held her close and fast:
"How long, how long, will I remember this!
Until I cross at last,
With failing, dying breath,
That river that men call death, —
So long, so long will I remember this!"

But when apart they stood, did he remember
His words that summer day?
Did he remember through the long December
The warmth and love of May,
The warmth and love and bliss,
The meaning of that kiss, —
When kingdoms stood between, did he remember?

Ah! who can say for him? For her we know
The king's kiss was her crown;
For her we know no agony of woe,
No other smile or frown,
Could make her heart forswear
That summer morning there,
Beneath the forest trees of Fontainebleau.

NORA PERRY.

JOE'S BESPEAK.

A PANTALOON'S STORY.

THERE wasn't a place for gold nor pray'rs —
We'd six big bobbies to keep 'em back —
They was nursin' each other in stalls and chairs,
And the pit was a reg'lar sardine pack.
A chap got dazed with the din and glare,
And the sea of faces ev'rywhere.
And now and agen a woman 'u'd shriek —
It was always so at Joe's Bespeak.
There was never a clown a patch on Joe —
I've played with the lot, and I hought to know.

Why, he'd more reppartee in them bandy shins
Than parties I know in their bumptious brains;
He'd tip you one of his rummy grins,
And you'd suffer from hawful hinternal pains;
Look in his face, and you'd laugh and cry;
Twig him wink, and you'd want to die;
'Ear him do the Little Pig's Squeak,
And bed was your place for the rest of the week.
There was never a clown a patch on Joe —
I've played with the lot, and I hought to know.

The 'ouse was one continooal roar —
When he tumbled in for his third recall,
They rose, *on massy*, from roof to floor,
And bellered like bedlam, nobs and all.
The curtain fell, and they stopped to shout,
And 'oller "Joe!" till the lights was hout.

There was ninety pound, sir, silver and gold —
More nor we reckoned the 'ouse 'u'd 'old.
There was never a clown a patch on Joe —
I've played with the lot, and I hought to know.

Joe never stopped to reckon the blunt,
Nor change his togs, nor nothin' o' that,
But he buttoned his long old coat in front,
And hover his heyebrows jammed his 'at.
We'd counted on glasses — or fizz, may'ap,
For Joe was a hopen-'anded chap —
But through the 'ollerin' roughs houtside,
I twigged him wriggle and dive and slide,
And I says to myself, I says, just so,
"I doubt there's summat amiss with Joe!"

I collared my 'at, and I follered him straight,
And I see him stop at the door, and stand
(Old Mother Cobble's at number height),
And he pulled the bell with a shaky 'and.
The light from the lamp on the door fell slick,
And I watched his face turn white and sick;
But he never spoke, as the woman said,
"Dead, sir — mother and child — just dead!"
Well, Joe went to 'em a year ago —
There was never a clown a patch on Joe.

A DISTURBED PARENT.

Five daughters — four of them engaged!
Good heavens! I shall go mad!
For such a surfeiting of love
No parent ever had.
The very atmosphere is charged
With it: no matter where
I go about the house, I trip
Upon some whispering pair.

At evening, when I take my pipe,
And seek a quiet nook
To read "The Evening Times," or else
Some new and tempting book,

I ope, perhaps, the parlor door,
When a familiar sound,
Quite unmistakable, suggests
It is forbidden ground.

So then more cautiously I turn
To our reception-room;
But lo! again upon my ear,
From its romantic gloom,
Comes softly out with emphasis
That warning, when I start
And leave, as Lady Macbeth wished
Her guests would all depart.

My next resort is then the porch,
Where roses trail and bloom:
Ha! is it echo that betrays
The joys of yonder room?
Ah, no! a startled "change of base"
Reveals the presence there
Of Cupid's votaries; and, alas!
There's still another pair.

"But sure," I think, "my library
Will be a safe retreat."
So there at once, with quickened step,
I take my weary feet.
Vain hope! that warning sound again
Breaks on my listening ear:
Thank Heaven, my youngest has not yet
Attained her thirteenth year!

Hark! there she is! and, bless my heart,
That popinjay, young Lunn,
Is at her side: I do believe
That she, too, has begun.
Oh, ye who love to sit and dream
Of future married joys,
Pray Heaven with honest fervor that
Your girls may all be boys!

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